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GERMANY.

THE rescript of the German EMPEROR, issued in his quality of King of Prussia, appears to have caused great alarm and consternation in Germany. It is regarded by all outside Court circles, and possibly by some within them, as laying down dangerous doctrines for the present, and threatening worse things for the future. Its two main propositions are that the acts of the Government are not the acts of the Minister who countersigns them, but of the Sovereign who orders them; and that officials at election time are bound, under pain of dismissal, to support, or at least not to actively oppose, the policy which the Sovereign recommends to the country. If it is asked whether these propositions are contrary to the proper theory of constitutional government, the preliminary points must first be settled, what Constitution we are speaking of, and whether we mean the Constitution as it practically exists, or as it is laid down theoretically. The propositions enunciated by King WILLIAM of Prussia are the propositions continually enunciated a hundred years ago by King GEORGE of England. "My policy," "my Minister," "my boroughs," "my lord-lieutenants," were phrases always on the lips of the grandfather of the present QUEEN. By degrees, but only by degrees, a different theory has become recognized in England as to the position of the Sovereign. No expressed change has been recorded, but a tacit agreement has established a different state of things. The language of King WILLIAM and King GEORGE would not, if adopted by Queen VICTORIA, be in harmony with the present Constitution of England. But, although it may be out of harmony with the accepted interpretation of the Constitution in this or that constitutional country, it is difficult to say that it is at variance with the theoretical Constitution of any country, until we know what this theoretical Constitution is. There may be instances, but they are very rare, in which a Constitution openly proclaims that the king reigns, but does not govern. This is generally an addition to the Constitution made silently, and only gaining force by habit and tradition. As the King of PRUSSIA is unwilling to have such an addition made silently to his Constitution, he protests against it at the outset, lest habit and tradition should give it force. Theoretically, there can be no doubt that in Prussia the Ministers are the King's Ministers, the policy of the Government is the King's policy, the officials are the King's officials. Where a different system has crept in, the Ministers are virtually nominated by Parliament, the policy is the policy of the Ministers, and the officials may, or may not, be the servants of the Ministers. In modern England they are not, but on the Continent they generally are. It is to be noticed that what the rescript lays down is not that no official may vote quietly according to his conscience, but that no official charged with the execution of Government Acts may openly agitate against the policy of the Crown. No one can suppose that in France, on the eve of an election, a Prefect would be allowed to hold his post for a moment, if he openly denounced the ways and works of M. GAMBETTA, or that an Italian official would retain office if he became a leading agitator on behalf of the POPE. Even if a silent change were made in Germany, and Parliament nominated the Ministry, it is not at all certain that German officials would do more than change masters, or that the Minister appointed by Parliament would tolerate independence exhibited in any very conspicuous

way, any more than it is tolerated by Prince BISMARCK, who by a pleasant fiction is supposed to be merely an attesting witness to the genuineness of the KING's signature.

A little reflection suffices to show that under the general term of Parliaments, bodies having very different constitutions, duties, and powers are comprehended. A very full-blown Parliament, like that of England, grants money, makes laws, appoints the Executive, and supervises its acts. A very rudimentary Parliament, like the new Assembly of Egyptian Notables, does none of these things, and merely meets to bring alleged grievances to the notice of the Government. Parliaments, unless they are born dead, love to grow, and wish to go on from one stage to another. The Egyptian Notables, for example, are trying to get a control of the Budget, which for the present is denied them. In most instances it is felt that, if Parliaments are worth having at all, they must be allowed to go further than this; and, as a rule, they are allowed to go as far as the old English Constitution permitted them to go. That is, they may bring forward grievances, they control taxation, and their concurrence in legislation is indispensable. This is the present Constitution of Prussia; but Parliaments generally wish to go further if they can, and desire that no one shall wield the power of the Executive unless he possesses their confidence, and that what he does shall be subject to their revision and censure. If this is not allowed them, it makes little difference whether the Sovereign says that all the acts of the Government are his acts, or that they are the acts of a Minister by whom he is exclusively guided, whom he will not allow to be removed, and whose policy is above Parliamentary criticism. In either case the Parliament is free to refuse taxes, and to veto the laws proposed by the Government. The only difference is that if Parliament, with the support of the nation, stands on its rights, the Sovereign is brought into more direct antagonism with his people if he says that he personally is beaten whenever his Ministry is beaten on a Parliamentary division; and it is the greatest merit of the English system that the Sovereign is never in open conflict with his subjects. But, if Parliament is determined to oppose, it will continue its opposition whether the Sovereign comes personally forward in the struggle or shelters himself behind his Minister. The only effect of the intervention of the EMPEROR at the beginning of the present Parliamentary Session in Germany was a slight feeling of pity that a monarch generally loved and honoured should have placed himself in an undignified position, and a slight feeling of indignation that Prince BISMARCK should have got the EMPEROR to say that the whims of the CHANCELLOR were the great and deep designs of his own royal breast. The real difficulty in the system of a Parliament with limited powers, but with a spirit of serious activity within those powers, is that it will not work if it is severely tested. The KING may say that a policy is his policy, and this sounds imposing; but it becomes an impotent and ridiculous policy if Parliament will not give him the money to carry it out or pass the laws necessary to give it legal force. Out of the deadlock thus created there are only usually two issues. Either the KING must consent that the policy of Parliament shall be his policy, or he will try to carry out his policy without Parliament. He will declare himself obliged to suspend the Constitution and will raise taxes and pass laws by decree. That things will come to this kind of

Royal revolt against the Constitution is what German Constitutionalists now most reasonably fear. They are practically told by Prince BISMARCK that their Parliament has to choose between thwarting Prince BISMARCK a little, but only just as much as he will stand, and disappearing into space. The Imperial rescript is, in substance, although not in form, a move in a game of brag. Prince BISMARCK says that he would dare to dispense with a national Parliament, and his antagonists think or hope that he would not dare. But they have not any great confidence in their prospects of success, and Prince BISMARCK appeals to their prudence, and bids them be wise in time.

The German Parliament has begun by asserting its independence in a curious way. It has passed, by a very large majority, the second reading of a Bill respecting the Act whereby ecclesiastics are bound to make submission to the State before entering on their offices. The FALK laws are purely Prussian enactments; but this was an Imperial Act, and the Imperial Parliament can therefore repeal it with the assent of the Federal Council. The majority was made up not only of the clericals, the Poles, and others, who would be sure to vote for any measure giving greater latitude and security to ecclesiastics, but also of a large contingent of advanced Liberals, who were opposed on principle to restrictions on religious opinion, and a small contingent of Socialist democrats, who were opposed on principle to any restriction on anything. Old-fashioned Liberals vote against the measure on the usual ground that freedom must not be conceded to the enemies of freedom. There was a reasonable ground for the difference of conscientious opinion in the ranks of the Liberal party, and the respective sections voted as they thought right. This was immediately seized on by the critics devoted to Prince BISMARCK as a fresh proof of the incurable divisions and quarrels of the Liberal party. It may, on the other hand, be taken much more reasonably as a proof that the German people is seriously interesting itself in its own affairs, and that honourable men are prepared to vote in accordance with the opinions by advocating which they secured their election. This large majority incontestably shows that opinion in Germany on the religious question has gradually undergone a considerable change. But what makes the action of the majority most remarkable is the contradiction it offers to the theories embodied in the Royal rescript. The policy that has so far triumphed is not the policy of Prince BISMARCK or of the EMPEROR, but the policy of Parliament. Prince BISMARCK was negotiating here and negotiating there, offering measures of relief to ecclesiastics with this and that limitation, expecting in return a fixed amount of support from the Vatican and from the party at home whose concurrence he needed to secure a majority, when suddenly Parliament itself steps in and proposes the total repeal of a repressive measure, without any negotiating, bargaining, or prompting. The officials in Parliament were taken aback in the presence of the audacious supplanters of the CHANCELLOR. Parliament was recommending him to do what it was his place to recommend them to do. They could only say that the Bill might, for all they knew, be a good Bill, but that it ought to have proceeded from the gracious benevolence of the EMPEROR. This is precisely what Parliament ignored. It voted for what it thought to be a good Bill without waiting or caring to know whether this also was among the measures which the EMPEROR has been long burning to see passed before he dies. What will be the fate of the Bill remains to be seen; but there can be no doubt that the action of the Parliament constitutes a new and very important step in the constitutional struggle which is now agitating Germany.

AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

THE subject of agricultural depression hardly requires special reminders to keep it before the public mind. But Mr. GLADSTONE's address to his tenants, and many speeches and writings of lesser politicians, would supply such reminders if they were needed. Mr. GLADSTONE may have been put in some little difficulty by the sensible remarks of the tenants' spokesman, Mr. TAYLOR, who seems to have suggested that the relation between landlord and tenant was best left to the operation of supply

and demand. But Mr. TAYLOR's landlord is not of that opinion; and he took occasion to reassert his view that "the relation of landlord and tenant is not sufficiently provided for by law." As he himself sets down bad seasons and bad trade as the two main causes of depression, the connexion of disease and remedy is not easy to trace. It may be, however, that the reference to these natural enemies of the farmer must be taken in close union with the protest which immediately preceded it, against "the gross delusions—I might say 'impostures'—which some political characters are endeavouring to make appear as if they were remedies." It is certain that some political characters have been endeavouring to make certain gross delusions appear to be remedies for agricultural depression; but Mr. GLADSTONE and his critics might not agree in pointing out the persons or the propositions that justify this assertion. But, with the exception of a hint at compulsory leases, Mr. GLADSTONE was less explicit than he has sometimes been on the subject of the precise legal benefits to be conferred on the farmer. That, in the event of the reduction of rates, a heavier Succession duty should be put on landlords; that the example of Aberdeenshire should be followed in the cultivation of strawberries, and that Mr. GIBBS's hay-drier should be extensively used, were the most definite of his suggestions. But in such cases the indefinite, rather than the definite, portions of a speech are those which are most eloquent. The hint about leases, and the oracular assertion that the relation of landlord and tenant is not sufficiently provided for by law, may probably have as mischievous an effect in originating or encouraging iniquitous demands as the opinion that the whole, and not part, of a tenant's interest should be secured to him by law.

Mr. GIFFEN has published, in the form of a letter to the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE, the results of an inquiry into the facts and causes of agricultural depression. Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE and Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD have lately dealt with the same subject in speeches or lectures. The authority of public instructors, if it were otherwise equal, would vary inversely with the political bias to which they are respectively subject; and Mr. ARNOLD, as an extreme advocate of innovation, can scarcely expect to influence the judgment of economic students. The first remedy which he suggests for agricultural distress is the formation of approximately equal electoral districts, with the necessary result of leaving rural voters almost everywhere in a minority. With a boldness which in present circumstances causes some surprise, Mr. ARNOLD proposes to establish an Encumbered Estates Act in England with powers of compulsory sale. His scheme would probably include the grant of a Parliamentary title to purchasers, who would afterwards deal as they might with Irish precedents, and with the demands of predatory Leagues or Alliances. Unqualified democracy necessarily administered by demagogues may have many results, including a transfer of property from its present owners to the exclusive possessors of political power; but schemes of this kind have little connexion with the subject of agricultural distress. The compulsory subdivision of land, which is in the background of such projects as Mr. ARNOLD's, would increase the numbers of the agricultural population. The doctrine that legislation ought to be directed to the increase of the gross produce of the soil is altogether fallacious. If it were proposed to double the number of hands employed in the manufacture of cotton or of iron, the absurdity would be generally recognized. Spade-labour would perhaps produce larger crops than the steam plough, but at a cost utterly disproportioned to the result.

Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, who in his lecture at Reading digressed less widely than Mr. ARNOLD from questions relating to agriculture, nevertheless proposed an utterly irrelevant remedy for the diminished efficiency of labour. He quoted the evidence given before the Royal Commission to the effect that, in spite of the improved condition of agricultural labourers, their work had greatly deteriorated in quality. It is stated that the best men go into other employments, and that education only hastens the process. Old-fashioned farmers who boldly express their distaste for the diffusion of the arts of reading and writing will welcome Mr. LEFEVRE's admission that education has determined the quality of labour. They will not be enlightened enough to approve the suggestion that the evil might be checked by giving

the labourers facilities for acquiring the ownership of their houses and of small pieces of land; and Mr. LEFEVRE's further proposal of admitting them to a voice in the government of the country and of their own districts appears to be an arbitrary and artificial mode of making them better workmen. There is little difference of opinion as to the expediency of increasing the number of landed proprietors, large and small; but it is more than doubtful whether the object can be attained except by the introduction of the French or Continental system. Mr. LEFEVRE is a zealous and consistent advocate of the creation of a class of small freeholders; but he must be aware that their number tends to diminish, for the simple reason that their independence can only be maintained at a heavy pecuniary loss. It is true that, as Mr. LEFEVRE says, one lesson which has been lately brought home to landowners is the inexpediency of having all their means invested in land. The freeholder of 200, of 100, or of 10 acres would suffer more immediately from the same cause. The owner even of a rental of 1,000*l.* a year, if he has no other resources, will find himself a poor man. It is nevertheless desirable that experiments in land-holding should be facilitated and multiplied. If Lord CAIRNS's Bills had not been for political reasons rejected, large amounts of land might by this time have been brought into the market.

Both Mr. GIFFEN and Mr. LEFEVRE have taken pains to inquire into the losses which have resulted from three or four bad seasons, from low prices caused by American importation, and from other causes. Differences in their figures are perhaps attributable to their having in some instances selected different periods for purposes of comparison. According to Mr. GIFFEN, the total loss by diminished production is not above 6½ per cent. of the whole; but the loss on wheat is not less than 25 per cent., or, as Mr. LEFEVRE thinks, in one year 40 per cent. Between 1867 and the beginning of the present depression, rents are said to have increased by 5,000,000*l.*; but the temporary or permanent reductions in the last two or three years are estimated at 10,000,000*l.* Mr. LEFEVRE has little doubt that the rise in rent in the prosperous years would have been much larger if landowners had exacted competition rents. "For at least a dozen years 'before 1875 the agricultural classes enjoyed great and 'uninterrupted prosperity.'" It would appear that the noxious effect of bad agrarian laws was during that time suspended. The farmers were able to exist with higher rents and higher wages, and with the security for their improvements which they now enjoy. When bad seasons and low prices came, Mr. LEFEVRE is not of opinion that greater security to tenants, or changes in the Land-laws which might have attracted capital to land, would have greatly altered the position. Those who have farmed the highest have lost as much as their neighbours, or more. There is no more unfounded assumption than that owners in fee would in present circumstances be inclined to lay out large sums of money on improvements. Perhaps the first result of a great change in the law of land-tenure will be a great increase of mortgages. It is probably to guard against this danger that Mr. ARNOLD proposes his Encumbered Estates Bill with its ill-omened title; but it would be difficult to prevent the owners of valuable property from using it as security for borrowed money. All over Europe the small proprietors, who are held up to the admiration of English tenants, are deeply in debt to money-lenders, and, although they have little love for usurious capitalists, they would resent any legislation which interfered with their right of borrowing. Owners of life estates derive some advantage from the limitation of their credit.

In common with every other respectable politician, except Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. LEFEVRE objects to the extravagant and dishonest proposals of the Farmers' Alliance. He is of opinion that no analogy can be drawn between English and Irish tenants, as Irish tenure has been wholly or partially created by the Land Act. The English tenants "have no hereditary connexion with their holdings; they 'have never, as a rule, effected the permanent improvements 'on their farms; they entered on the land under free contract . . . they have, therefore, no claim to a joint 'ownership of the soil.'" As Lord DERBY said, they ask for something which belongs to themselves, and for a great deal more which belongs to others. It is possible that, in deference to the almost unanimous opinion of his principal supporters, Mr. GLADSTONE may explain away the encouraging phrases in which he courted the favour of

Mr. HOWARD and his audacious adherents; but he did not avail himself of the opportunity presented by his speech at Hawarden to do so. The Farmers' Alliance has prematurely thrown off the pretence of consulting any interests except those of its members. No friend or enemy seriously believed that the promoters wished or expected to improve the productive capacity of the land. The disguise is effectually removed by the approval which the leader of the agitation has accorded to a kindred movement for the partial expropriation of owners of houses. Mr. HOWARD professes to have discovered that the possessors of all kinds of real property have hitherto enjoyed undue advantages at the expense of their lessees and tenants. In other words, occupiers have more votes than owners; and the use of public franchises is to gratify private cupidity. The owner of 100*l.* in the Savings Bank enjoys a great advantage over his penniless neighbour. Communists have often proposed to remove the inequality which is inseparable from the institution of property. The originality of the proposals made to the Farmers' Alliance consists in their origin. Spoliation has not often been encouraged by a body of capitalists. It would have been more prudent to disclaim identity or similarity of interest between the Farmers' Alliance and the householders' conspiracy against lessors. The impending change in the Constitution, though its general results may probably be mischievous, will perhaps tend to dissolve the Farmers' Alliance. There is no reason why the future constituencies should violate the rules of honesty for the benefit of large farmers or for the maintenance of large holdings. Small freeholds, whether or not they are economically advantageous, will be more popular objects of agitation than perpetuity of tenure to be arbitrarily conferred on a comparatively small class of constituents. The great reduction of rent to which the landlords have lately been compelled to submit will become permanent if the depression continues. There never was a time at which tenants stood less in need of legislative protection than when they have it almost wholly in their power to dictate the terms of the bargains which they make. Mr. GLADSTONE expressly admits the fact while he ignores the inference.

M. GAMBETTA AND THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

M. GAMBETTA must be almost inclined to quarrel with the completeness of his own success. He has for some time past been insisting on the necessity of revising the Constitution, in order to bring the Senate into harmony with the Chamber of Deputies; and the elections of Sunday have done the work which it has been proposed to do by revision. The electors have given an unequivocal answer to M. GAMBETTA's demand. It is clear that the Opposition can nowhere count upon any support when once M. GAMBETTA's wishes have been made known to his countrymen. In the natural order of things, a very different reply might have been looked for from the Senatorial electors. They can have, it might be thought, no desire to lessen their own importance, and M. GAMBETTA proposes to lessen it in two distinct directions. He is about to make the Senate a less important element in the Constitution, and to swamp the existing electorate by an addition of new voters. The first of these objects will be brought about in two ways. The Constitution is to be revised because the Senate before the late elections was too independent of the Chamber of Deputies. No more destructive blow could be struck at the existence of a Second Chamber in France. The Constitution is not seven years old; but the inconvenience of meddling with it so soon after its birth counts for nothing with M. GAMBETTA when set against the inconvenience of leaving the Senate a will of its own and some ability to give effect to it. What has been done once can be done again; and if it should turn out that, even after the revision, the Senate retains some share of power, another Congress can be convoked to supplement the shortcomings of its predecessor. There is not much chance, however, that this will be needed, for it is proposed in the approaching Congress to deprive the Senate of the power it has hitherto enjoyed of amending money Bills. By rejecting this or that item in the Budget, the Senate could make its authority very inconveniently felt by the Chamber. Of course, if it had exerted this power very largely or very often, it would hardly have

retained it up to this time. But by using it cautiously and seldom, it has occasionally been able to force the Chamber of Deputies to consent to a compromise in order to secure the passing of the Budget. A Senate which has once possessed this power and then been deprived of it is plainly the weaker for the change. Besides this, an elective Second Chamber which is not allowed to amend money Bills carries the stamp of inferiority on its forehead. It is not so with an hereditary or a nominated Chamber, because, as the members do not represent the nation, they have no claim to tax the nation. But, where the Senators do represent the nation, the only reason for denying them an equal voice in financial matters must be that they represent it in a secondary and inferior fashion. It is impossible, therefore, that either revision generally or revision upon this particular head can leave the Senate as strong as it finds it. The changes it is proposed to introduce are to be introduced because the Senate has too much power, and it is impossible that the Senatorial electors should have misunderstood the issue presented to them. They have consented to lessen the importance of the Senate, and by so doing they have consented to lessen their own.

Their readiness to add new voters to the Electoral College by which the Senate is returned is a more significant circumstance still. At present the great body of the Senatorial electors are appointed by the communes, each commune nominating one elector for the purpose. It is now proposed to destroy the equality which has hitherto existed between the communes by distributing votes according to the population. By this means the village communes will lose influence, while the town communes will gain it; and when we consider the feeling that ordinarily animates the rural population against the towns, it is certainly remarkable to find them voting in favour of this particular change. Under the present system, the elector who represents a commune, however insignificant, is as big a man when the votes come to be taken as if he represented the largest commune in France. The only conceivable reason why he should consent to surrender this advantage is his knowledge that M. GAMBETTA wishes it, and the fact that M. GAMBETTA does wish it does not say much for his appreciation of the Constitution which he has more than once taken occasion to praise. He has at times shown a decided affection for the principle of a Second Chamber, and has even hinted that under certain not impossible circumstances it might serve to protect the Republic against the fickleness or weakness of the Chamber of Deputies. If this is his genuine opinion, he is singularly ill advised in altering the method by which the Senatorial electors are chosen. In making an elective Second Chamber the great difficulty has always been to devise a principle which shall not be identical with that on which the popular Chamber is returned, and shall yet be really representative. Chance rather than design has given the French Senate this advantage. The commune was taken as the unit for the Electoral College, either because no other suggested itself, or because the Conservatives who framed the Constitution thought that they would by this means get a less democratic result than could be hoped for by any other method. In some countries a Senate ultimately elected by the communes would have had in it no element of life. But in France the commune is a reality. The members of the commune are accustomed to act together, and to regard themselves as possessed of common interests. Consequently a mode of making up the Electoral College which elsewhere would have had all the worst faults of a paper constitution had in France the signal merit of answering to a really existing order of things. In a small way it reproduced the principle of the United States Senate. It took the 37,000 communes of France as so many co-equal corporations, and gave them an equal representation in the picked constituency which elects the Senate. No doubt inequalities and anomalies can be discovered in this arrangement; but against these must be set the conspicuous merit, that it gives the Senate a reason for existing. It represents a constituency which includes the same elements as the constituency which returns the popular Chamber; but they are grouped in a quite different way, and yet in a way which is not in the least artificial or invented for the purposes in hand. M. GAMBETTA proposes to change the method of election in a vital particular. The Electoral College is still to represent the communes, but it is to

represent them in proportion to their population. When this change has been effected, the system will have lost its meaning. The Senate will be the Chamber of Deputies over again. In that case, why keep two Assemblies to do the work of one? That is a question which the Extreme Left is quite certain to ask, and which the opportunists will not long find it possible to answer.

M. GAMBETTA probably sees all this as clearly as his critics. Whether he prefers two Chambers to one is uncertain; but he has shown on more than one occasion that he correctly appreciates the special connexion which exists between the communes and the Senate. The real reason, apparently, that moves him to destroy the Constitution in this particular has nothing to do with the manner in which the Second Chamber is elected. It refers entirely to the manner in which the popular Chamber is elected. M. GAMBETTA has made up his mind that he will not govern France unless the Chamber of Deputies is elected by departments instead of by arrondissements; and he sees in the revision of the Constitution the only means of getting what he wants. Why there should be no other means than this is less obvious. M. GAMBETTA is believed to command a large majority in the Chamber of Deputies; and the elections of last Sunday have given him a decided majority in the Senate. There seems no reason, therefore, why he should not introduce a Bill to establish the *Scrutin de liste* without subjecting the Constitution to revision in order to accomplish what might equally be accomplished without such revision. The explanation may possibly be that, as it is not proposed to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, there is no reason for introducing a Bill to change the distribution of the constituencies so long before a general election. But as revision was the cry with which M. GAMBETTA went to the country last autumn, there is a technical consistency in giving immediate effect to it, even though the ostensible reason for doing so has disappeared. Revision is to be resorted to in reference to the mode of electing the Senate, nominally because it was part of M. GAMBETTA's programme under a quite different state of things, but really because M. GAMBETTA wants to make the Constitution define for the first time the mode of electing the Chamber of Deputies.

CENTRAL ASIA.

LORD HARTINGTON, who in one of his latest public addresses devoted himself to ridiculing Lord SALISBURY's statement of the condition of affairs in Central Asia, will no doubt regard with serenity the telegram from Tabreez which appeared with the date of Tuesday last. The English troops have left Candahar, and the one fact in connexion with the troublesome subject of Central Asian politics which Lord HARTINGTON has thoroughly mastered is that, provided there are no English troops at Candahar, all is well. His position is very simple and quite intelligible. As long as he holds to this broad proposition, there is no need for him to plunge into the endless intricacies of the actual question. Afghanistan may be in a ferment, but we have left Candahar. Persia may be in process of dismemberment, but there is not a single English soldier in the Dourance capital. The celebrated assertion of Sir CHARLES DILKE may be in process of daily falsification, but Candahar has been evacuated. These propositions have the sovereign merit of being entirely undeniable; some people might in the wickedness of their hearts go a little further and assert that, if "because" were put in the place of "but," a full, lucid, and accurate description of the situation would be at once attained. That, however, is not Lord HARTINGTON's business. He has been furnished by those to whom he looks for information with a kind of general answer to all doubts and difficulties. The NORMANS and the BARINGS told him that, if Candahar was evacuated, all would be well. Candahar has been evacuated, therefore all is well. Nothing can be more logical or more according to the strictest rules of the hypothetical syllogism.

Meanwhile the Russian view of the situation appears to be, after a fashion, identical with Lord HARTINGTON's. If Candahar was evacuated, the Russian generals also thought that all would be well, and they are apparently proceeding in nautical phraseology to "make it so." The rule of Russian procedure in Central Asia is

simple, and capable of being applied by proconsuls of the most moderate understanding. For every step that England advances, promise to draw back two; for every step that England retreats, advance two as a matter of fact. According to the telegram to which reference has been made, the Russian garrison of Askabad (which, if there had been any truth in the statement by means of which Sir CHARLES DILKE obtained the assent of the House of Commons to the withdrawal from Candahar, would have long ceased to be a Russian garrison at all) has been strengthened to the number of eight thousand men of all arms. The outposts have advanced beyond the furthest position previously occupied, and the Cossack cavalry had made their way to within a hour or two's ride of Mohammedabad, one of the chief towns of the debatable land between Persia and Turkestan which was threatened with annexation by the proposed Russian rectification of frontier last year. From Mohammedabad to Meshed there are two routes, both easy, well provided, and of no great length. That is to say, the Russians have, and have just made up, a force of all arms not much smaller than that with which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS made his famous march "within striking distance of Meshed," the very phrase which so much irritates those not very numerous supporters of the Government who know what Meshed is and where it is. It may be added to this that there is not the slightest reason for setting down this threatening agglomeration of force to troubles with the Turcomans. On the contrary, telegrams received since the one just quoted declare that the negotiations on the part of the Merv Tekkes for securing to themselves some sort of independence under a Russian Protectorate (or a Khivan one, which is the same thing) are still going on. The proposal has been refused once, but by the Russians, not the Turcomans, and the latter are making a fresh effort to come to terms. There is therefore on their part not the smallest vestige of any proceeding requiring Russian reinforcements in that quarter. The really formidable force now assembled at Askabad (there is no force capable of resisting it, no matter of what nation, anywhere nearer than Quetta or Peshawur—the first-named being about half the Russian strength, and both being, for all practical purposes, not much nearer than if they were in London) can be wanted only for one of two purposes, an unprovoked demonstration against Merv or the making good of the Russian pretensions on North-Eastern Persia. Nor is it perhaps unworthy of notice that, side by side with these various statements, comes another, to the effect that Russia has prohibited absolutely the importation of European goods and of opium by way of Khorassan—that is to say, by any way except through and from Russia herself. This is simply a carrying out of the universal Russian policy in relation to commerce, the shutting of the markets of every annexed or protected district to foreign trade.

It is not necessary to suppose that actual war is intended on the Khorassan frontier in order to see matter for very serious consideration in this intelligence. There is so little really trustworthy information as to the attitude of the inhabitants of Merv that it is not easy to argue about it. It is tolerably certain that they are very unwilling to abandon their independence; it is more certain that they are deeply impressed with the overthrow of their brethren in Akhal; it is most certain of all that they have hardly a chance against the Russians in an actual struggle, though such a struggle would bring upon the soldiers of the Czar not a few hardships and, perhaps, some disasters. But it has been often enough pointed out that the mere presence of Russia at Merv is now a matter of but secondary importance. It would mean a further addition to her prestige; it would mean the removal of an awkward possibility of a thorn in her side when the day came for an advance on Afghanistan; but in itself a Russian army at Merv would be little more formidable, if it would be more formidable at all, to Afghanistan and India than a Russian army at Askabad. The really important thing is the continual increase of the authority and influence of a rival Power in Northern Persia. In that part of the world the saying "He must increase but I must decrease," exactly expresses the relations of any two foreign influences which are face to face. They cannot remain *in statu*. At present it is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact, that the increase is on the side of Russia. England has retired out of sight and mind of the greater part of Afghanistan, and she is even so persuaded

of the continuance of fair political weather, that she talks of reducing the establishment of the Indian artillery. Russia increases her garrisons, pushes forward her outposts, rejects proposals even of qualified submission, because they are qualified, looks to the future in organizing obstacles to her rival's trade, is alert, forward, busy. In the present movement there are two objects which may be in view, the accomplishment of either of which would be a distinct menace to India. The one is, as has been pointed out, the making good of the recent claims to the upper valleys of the Attrek; the other the occupation of what has always been specially coveted by Russian "scientific explorers"—the No Man's Land lying between the Murghab and the Heri Rud, the possessors of which are within a few days' march up the latter river to Herat. As has been said, it is a No Man's Land; it is believed to be in the main uninhabited, in consequence of the devastations of the Turcomans, but it is not in the proper sense desert; and, as it is extremely hard to say to whom it belongs, it invites annexation in an exceptional manner. Of course, any such annexation would be a flagrant breach of faith on the part of Russia, or, to speak more correctly, a flagrant breach of what is supposed to be an understanding. But the guarded terms in which it is necessary to speak of the singular state of things now existing show that this breach is not likely to be regarded as a very heinous crime by the *de facto* possessors of Khiva. As for the English Government, it is busy with quite other matters, and besides, as has been remarked, it is convinced that by the evacuation of Candahar the Afghan question has been finally settled, the accounts closed, and the leaf turned over. On this one matter there is believed to be not the slightest difference of opinion. Even the Duke of ARGYLL, at daggers drawn as he is with his late colleagues, would rally to them here. The Ministerial conception of the whole matter appears to be that the better Russia is placed for striking, and the worse England is placed for parrying, a blow at India, the more satisfactory is the situation in Central Asia. If this be so, it can only be said that the situation is growing more and more satisfactory every day.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.

IT seems that, after the settlement of the question of Parliamentary procedure, the rest of the Session will be devoted to two great schemes of municipal legislation. To the project for the constitution of elective county governments no formidable resistance will be offered. Lord DERBY declared the other day that it was impossible to maintain the system of taxation imposed by any authority which is not directly representative. Forms are so much more impressive than facts that only those who have thought on the subject independently are aware that the proposed change will be in the opposite direction. County justices represent the ultimate contributors to the rates, while the enfranchised labourer will share in the assessment and expenditure of taxes almost exclusively paid by others. Liberal orators are never tired of explaining how any relief of local taxation would tend principally to the benefit of landowners. In other words, they pay the bulk of the rates, and hereafter they will be practically excluded from all control of the fiscal administration. Lord BEACONSFIELD'S indifference to domestic legislation inflicted a serious injury on his party and on the country by causing the withdrawal of the County Government Bill. The measure was in several respects defective, but it might have been easily improved; and the Conservative majority would certainly have passed it. The penalty of carelessness will be paid by the substitution of a democratic measure for a reasonable modification of the actual form of local government. One main object of the Bill which is to be introduced will be the confirmation of Liberal supremacy in the counties; and perhaps the Government will share the views of projectors who undertake to educate the labourers by charging them with duties for which they are wholly unqualified.

The provisions of the Bill for abolishing the privileges of the City of London and for incorporating the whole metropolis have not yet been disclosed. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with the fine appreciation of constitutional government by which his party is distinguished, lately announced that the main business of Parliament was to execute the decisions

which had been already formed by the country, or by the Liberal Association. The direct administration of public affairs by demagogues in the name of a promiscuous multitude is wholly incompatible with freedom. Until lately it was a commonplace truism that government by representation was the great political discovery of modern times. Old democracies were said to have failed because they attempted to govern, when their proper function was to elect their governors. It had accordingly hitherto been regarded as the proper business of Parliament to legislate, and to control the administration of public affairs. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE, prefer the mandate which nominally proceeds from the constituencies, having first originated with themselves or with other popular leaders. Even in cases where the community is indifferent, innovations are proposed in its name. The creation of a metropolitan municipality will perhaps attract active support when it has once become a party question. For the present, it may be confidently asserted that, of a population of four millions which will be affected by the measure, not one in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, feels the smallest desire for a change. A few local agitators have convened meetings, which are naturally unanimous in echoing the opinions of their instructors; but the ratepayers in general take no interest in the measure. The only plausible argument for a change is that it will promote a useless show of symmetry. On the other hand, it will for the first time subject the fiscal and local administration of metropolitan affairs to the influence of political faction. At present no London ratepayer knows the political opinions of the vestrymen of his parish or of the Board of Works. Mr. GLADSTONE probably hopes to place the whole management of the metropolis in the hands of political agitators. He has pledged himself to the approval of the iniquitous monopoly established at Birmingham; and his Metropolitan Bill may be so constructed as to make the whole municipal patronage of London available for purposes of corruption.

The attributes of the proposed Corporation will be vast and indefinite. If it takes over from the Metropolitan Board the control of streets and of drainage, there is no reason to suppose that any Committee of a Council elected by the ratepayers will be as efficient as a Board constituted by secondary election, consisting of members who are chosen by their respective vestries on grounds of personal fitness. The functions of the Vestries themselves would necessarily be restricted to small local Committees, consisting perhaps in some cases of the same persons who discharge the duties at present, where they are not superseded on grounds of political faction. In the great Northern towns, some of which have a population equal to a sixth or to an eighth of the numbers in the metropolis, administrative functions are from the nature of the case exclusively discharged by Committees. The meetings of a Common Council of London will be merely formal, except when it threatens public order by some political agitation. The suggestion that the Corporation is to control lighting and water supply requires explanation. The gas and water of London are provided by private Companies, with rights and duties defined by Acts of Parliament; and any new legislation is watched and, in some degree, controlled by the Board of Works or by the City. Corporations in provincial towns have no power to interfere with the Parliamentary rights of Gas and Water Companies, and they are expressly prohibited from competition at the public expense with private undertakings. Unless the Government is prepared to sanction undisguised robbery, the powers of a London municipality must be subject to similar restrictions. It will perhaps be prudent to confine for the present attempts at legislative confiscation to the limited body of landowners; nor, indeed, has the Government thus far intimated any intention of making the establishment of a London Corporation an excuse for plundering shareholders.

The suppression of the historic Corporation of the City will be a great and unmixed evil. It has been a great advantage that the ceremonial splendour of the Lord Mayor has been in modern times dissociated from political power. A functionary who dispenses not only civic but national hospitality, and who is the recognized leader of every beneficent and charitable organization, might in different circumstances be a troublesome neighbour to the Government. Hereafter some active politician, and occasionally some successful demagogue, will reign at the

Mansion House and the Guildhall. Mr. GLADSTONE has not forgotten the votes of the City at the last election; but, when he lately received and acknowledged a personal compliment from the Corporation, he assured the municipal dignitaries that he would rather exalt than diminish the power and greatness of the Corporation. Municipal continuity, like the personal immortality recognized by the Comtists, will consist in the devolution of political existence to alien and unwelcome successors. There will be a Lord Mayor and Aldermen, but they will have been elected by popular suffrage under the control of a political organization. At present the opinion of traders and rich shopkeepers is represented in the Common Council. The nomination will in future be managed by some Caucus or Committee imported from Birmingham. The ostensible representatives of four millions of people may sometimes be able to apply a formidable pressure to Parliament. If the obscure demagogue who some years ago superintended the demolition of the Hyde Park railings had been Lord Mayor of London, the restoration of order would have been difficult.

It may be hoped that the Government will not commit the criminal blunder of placing the Metropolitan Police under the command of the new Corporation. A Council elected by a numerical majority of the population of London would be sufficiently formidable without a disciplined army of 12,000 men. Such an arrangement would endanger public order in times of agitation, and it would deprive Parliament of all security for freedom of debate. When Mr. BRIGHT, in 1866, recommended the mob to assemble in the neighbourhood of Westminster, for the purpose of intimidating the House of Commons, the Home Secretary and the Commissioners of Police were responsible for the protection of public peace. A demagogue enthroned at the Mansion House would almost certainly have sympathized with the agitators against the Legislature. It is a secondary consideration that the Metropolitan Police is the reserve of the whole civic force of the kingdom. It is not alleged that any inconvenience has been caused by the control of the police force by the Home Office; and it is certain that serious danger might result from a change. It is unfortunately impossible to rely on the prudence of an impulsive Government which is already advised by some of its supporters in the press to place the Metropolitan Police at the disposal of the new municipality. As long as the present civic constitution survives, there is little danger that the Lord Mayor and his colleagues would be at any time disaffected. The small police force of the City may accordingly be left with safety in their hands. The defence of the greatest city in the world, which is also the capital, ought to be entrusted to the national Government, though a different arrangement would be consistent with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's theory of the direct and unbalanced supremacy of a numerical majority.

THE APPOINTMENT OF SIR JOHN HOLKER.

THE appointment of Sir JOHN HOLKER to the vacant Lord Justiceship shows an honest anxiety on the part of the Government to do everything in its power to strengthen the Court of Appeal. No selection could have been more popular with the legal profession, and if Sir JOHN HOLKER does not make a very strong judge, universal expectation will be singularly deceived. As a politician he has made the comparatively slight mark to be looked for in a man who never had strong opinions, and never had the leisure or inclination to search for any very strong grounds for the opinions he happened to entertain. But as a lawyer he has not only long been in the front rank, but has gained a special position of his own. Singularly effective with juries, he has earned a brilliant and lucrative success. This, however, was a success which he shared with other leaders of the Bar. What was peculiarly his own was the impression he gave of being a man whose utterances were weighty and whose legal statements were interesting because they showed the working of an eminently large, sensible, and practical mind. No lawyer was ever more free from the reproach of legal pedantry. No one could look at law from a more large and liberal point of view. He not only associated himself with the project for codifying the criminal law of England, and mastered a subject which is difficult in itself and generally unfamiliar to leaders with a large civil practice, but he seemed to delight in his

work, to catch at an opportunity of congenial and delightful occupation, and to relish to the utmost the intellectual pleasure of doing a great thing well. He would not even allow his allegiance to his party to influence his judgment of what, as a lawyer, he had to say was the law; and held an opinion contrary to that of most Conservatives on one of the preliminary legal questions involved in the tangled case of Mr. BRADLAUGH. This opinion may or may not have been a correct one; but, at any rate, to have formed it and maintained it showed the possession of one great qualification for a judge, that of being able to look at questions of law in a purely legal aspect. This is the kind of judge who strengthens any court to which he is appointed by the mere fact of his joining it; and at the present moment, when so much is said as to the difficulty of finding competent judges, Sir JOHN HOLKER may be also said to strengthen the Court of Appeal, by showing that even an ex-Attorney-General, with a commanding practice and a very high reputation and a perfectly safe seat, will really condescend to become a Lord Justice when he is asked.

The appointment by a Liberal Government of a Conservative who was only recently the chief Law Officer of his party is a new and a signal step in the separation of the Bench from politics. Lord CAIRNS, although only in the later days of his last tenure of office, began the process, and Lord SELBORNE has continued it. It is a process to be commended, but it must not be supposed that it requires any remarkable degree of self-conquest to originate or persevere in it. A Government gains much more by seeming to attend to nothing but efficiency in its appointments than it loses by disappointing the hopes of some more or less influential supporter. Possibly it is also true that a judgeship even of the Court of Appeal is not thought to be a very great prize, and the less the prize the less is the disappointment at not getting it. When, too, it is recognized that political services are not to found a title to a judgeship, the feeling of being wronged dies away before the consciousness that, according to a purely legal standard, a better man has been appointed. The general body of lawyers in Parliament gain by each escaping the suspicion that he is working a constituency with the chief object of getting something for himself. And there is not the slightest reason to suppose that the desire of lawyers to get into Parliament will diminish. Lawyers who are moderately successful will still like to get into Parliament, in order that they may swell their general claims to public consideration up to what they feel convinced is their proper level. Lawyers who are very successful will still like to get into Parliament, in order that they may enjoy the full swing and fun of life. They do not want to be made judges. They like the bustle and glory of a big practice, they enjoy the growing accumulation of heavy fees, and they rejoice to add more bustle and glory, and to live a still more inspiring life by being as familiar with Parliament as with the courts of law. It is not so much that they despise judgeships as that there is something else they prefer. Perhaps they look forward to retiring some day to the dignified tranquillity of the Bench. But they want to have their fling before they settle down. They are like French ladies who cannot bear to own that their beauty is waning, and that the time is come for them to be devout. The day arrives when some signs of failing strength, or that weariness of politics which is so apt to seize on politicians who give politics the second place in their thoughts, or a native predisposition for judicial work, make them think more kindly of a judgeship than they have thought, or fancied they thought, previously. If properly asked, they will respond, and the most noted lawyers are persuaded to sit on the Bench. Meanwhile, these most noted lawyers are by no means the only lawyers fitted to become judges; and there is no reason to suppose that the Bar will not be always able to keep the supply of good judges up to the demand.

The ATTORNEY and the SOLICITOR GENERAL had, it is said, the refusal of the Lord Justiceship, and declined it. They are also stated to have declined the other great legal post now at the disposal of the Government. There is a vacancy in the office of paid Law Lord, and this is rightly supposed to be a very honourable and dignified post. But neither of the Law Officers wished to take it. It is only a judgeship of a high kind, and those who do not want to be judges at all, because they have got something they like better, are not more

attracted by it than by other appointments. It, like other judgeships, must come into the range of non-political offices. If there is a Conservative who would make a better Law Lord than any Liberal who would take the post, there is just as much reason for the Government looking solely to the efficiency of the Bench in this instance as in any other. When the Law Lordships are added to the list of non-political offices, there will remain for political lawyers the three great prizes of the Attorney and Solicitor Generalships and the Chancellorship; and these offices will tend to become more and more political, and promotion for the two former may come to mean, not promotion to a high judgeship, but promotion into the Cabinet. Even the Chancellorship may be some day transformed into a Ministry of Justice. In the strictly legal and non-political sphere of judgeships some changes will also probably be made. The Lords Justices ought to be better paid; and, although this may be a poor reason for thinking they will be better paid, still their pay is so obviously inadequate that some Ministry will probably do what is right by them, if only for the pleasure of showing that it dares to do what it knows ought to be done. It is perhaps also not unlikely that the Appeal judges will be spared going circuit. They do not at all like going circuit, and this is natural; but, in the interests of the public, it is by no means certain that they ought not to go. It is a gain to the public that a judge so very well suited to preside on circuit as Sir JOHN HOLKER should have an opportunity of showing to a provincial audience the highest style of judicial workmanship; and a judge of Appeal, even though he does not like going circuit, learns much that is worth learning by being brought into direct contact with important proceedings at a preliminary stage. The objection to go circuit, again, is chiefly felt by those Lords Justices who have not been accustomed when at the Bar to anything but proceedings in Chancery in their old form. Before long those fit to be judges of Appeal will, although belonging to the Equity Bar, have had sufficient experience of *vivâ voce* contests to be at ease when presiding at Nisi Prius; and, as a matter of fact, the ordinary judges who have been recently appointed from the Equity Bar have shown themselves quite at home with juries. Lastly, the sittings of the courts in London will probably be made more continuous. Whether the judges need four and a half months' clear holiday in the year is open to fair speculation; but they certainly need a good long period of rest and refreshment, and will and must have it. But it is not at all necessary that they should all be taking their holiday at the same time. There is much foolish talk on this matter; and, after it has been arranged that circuits shall be held in January, ignorant wonder is expressed that January comes and then the judges are on circuit. But if the courts are to sit more continuously, and the judges are to have proper holidays, part of the work of the judges must be handed over to subordinate tribunals, or there must be more judges. The creation of more judges will probably seem to the Government a less desirable course than that of extending the sphere of subordinate tribunals.

THE PROPOSED CONGRESS OF AMERICAN STATES.

MR. BLAINE has furnished more than once instructive comments on Mr. BRIGHT's avowed preference for friends over allies. In the business relations of private life, agreements and express or implied understandings are thought to be more convenient than reliance on sentimental good will. Great international settlements such as the Treaty of Utrecht or the Treaties of Vienna secured the peace of Europe for one or two generations, although the mutual attachment of the Great Powers might be reasonably doubted. It is not generally thought that the feeling of Continental Governments to England is at the present time remarkably cordial; but, if words had any meaning, it might have been supposed that a real friendship had at last been formed between England and the United States. The civilities which were exchanged before and after the death of Mr. GARFIELD seemed likely, in the judgment of even sceptical politicians, to have a beneficial effect. Only a few weeks ago Mr. BLAINE, before his retirement from office, formally acknowledged the sympathy of the QUEEN and the nation for the PRESIDENT, for his family, and for his fellow-citizens. There is no

reason to suppose that he was insincere; but American politicians distinguish between friends and allies. It now appears that before and after the death of Mr. GARFIELD Mr. BLAINE occupied himself with a series of measures devised for the purpose both of altering the general rules of international law, and of depriving England of rights formally secured by a modern treaty. His interference in the dispute between Chili and Peru, his circular despatch on the Panama Canal, and the roving mission which he has sent to the Central and South American Governments, are all intended for the same purpose of excluding the English Government from political influence in countries with which English subjects have important commercial connexions. The most serious menace and the boldest defiance of international law are contained in Mr. BLAINE'S claim to the exclusive control of the Panama Canal. It is highly probable that, if the Canal is made, it will, like the Suez Canal, be principally used by English shipping, and the Isthmus which is to be pierced is at no point within a thousand miles of the nearest American territory. It ought not to be necessary to refer to equitable or geographical considerations; for the rights of England and of the United States are definitively regulated by the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty. An international agreement which is to take effect on the occurrence of a specified contingency can scarcely become obsolete before the contingency arises. Prince GORTCHAKOFF and Mr. GLADSTONE contended that the Black Sea Treaty had been proved by experience to be inexpedient after a trial of fourteen or fifteen years. The experiment which Mr. BLAINE denounces as a failure has not yet come into operation.

It would not have been necessary to notice Mr. BLAINE'S confused negotiations with Chili and Peru but for his unnecessary and unjustifiable protest against European interference. In American diplomatic language, as in popular discussion, Europe is understood to mean England. The SECRETARY OF STATE, after giving apparently inconsistent instructions to the respective Ministers at Lima and Santiago, reproved both for alleged misapprehensions which tended in opposite directions. It may have been reasonable that the United States should tender friendly advice to the belligerents; but any other Power had an equal right to intervene, though it is not known that any such purpose was entertained. It is possible that the friendly counsels offered to Peru and Chili were principally intended to serve as an occasion for claiming an exclusive protectorate. It would appear that the Chilians were not disposed to acknowledge the American claim of superiority. A Peruvian pretender to the Presidency, who had been recognized by the United States Minister, was immediately, on the receipt of Mr. BLAINE'S despatch, arrested and sent off to Santiago. A comparatively insignificant State only accepts the dictation of a Great Power when it has something to gain by submission or to lose by resistance. The Americans may have, as Mr. BLAINE lately boasted, unlimited military power in reserve; but they fortunately content themselves with a small standing army which cannot be used for occasional expeditions. It is not improbable that Mr. BLAINE'S advice to the Chilian Government may have been judicious; but the intimation that no territorial advantage was to be derived from conquest was perhaps deemed too peremptory. It is not stated that any further progress has been made in the negotiation.

The latest act of Mr. BLAINE'S official life was consistent with the restless policy which he had previously pursued. A newly-appointed Minister to Chili was instructed to make a circuit of the Central and South American States, and to invite them to send representatives to a Congress at Washington. It was at the same time judiciously intimated that the United States would bear the whole expense of the delegations. The cost to a great and wealthy nation would be amply repaid by the preliminary acknowledgment which the liberal offer implies of inferiority and dependence. It is also reasonable that a number of petty Republics should be guaranteed against an outlay from which they can expect no advantage. None of them are threatened with interference by any European Power; and they will probably be indisposed to submit their petty border feuds to American arbitration. If the Congress meets, the representatives of the petty States will probably be invited to pledge themselves against any diplomatic arrangements with Europe, or rather with England. Their reply will depend on the

benefits which may be offered in return. The sacrifice to be incurred by the smaller of two States by exclusion from intercourse with a wealthy customer or ally is obviously more important than the converse loss. England is more to Peru than Peru to England; and it is difficult to understand what advantage can be offered in exchange for political and commercial independence. The league of the American States is probably designed as a method of establishing commercial monopoly. If the whole Western Continent could be included in a Customs union with a prohibitive tariff, the arrangement would be extremely popular. There are no South American manufactures to compete with Pennsylvania or New England, and tropical or sub-tropical products would be readily admitted. By a curious inconsistency modern Protectionists are always anxious to extend the area of exclusion without, and of perfect freedom of trade within, the frontier. That the South American Republics should consent to exclude themselves from European markets for the convenience of the United States might seem to be improbable; but delegates at Washington, with their expenses paid, may perhaps be inclined to conform to the wishes of their hospitable patrons.

It would be interesting to ascertain how far Mr. BLAINE'S diplomatic activity corresponds with the policy of the actual PRESIDENT. A scarcely credible statement has been made that the diplomatic mission to the South American Republics was despatched without the approval or the knowledge of Mr. ARTHUR. It is highly improbable that an experienced politician would commit so flagrant a breach of official propriety. It may indeed be assumed that Mr. BLAINE'S motives for ostentatious defiance of foreigners are in some degree personal. At the next Presidential election, as in 1880, he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination, while Mr. ARTHUR will probably again support the pretensions of General GRANT. The secession of the party which chose Mr. GARFIELD will make the most of Mr. BLAINE'S turbulent patriotism; and perhaps Mr. ARTHUR would have weakened the cause of General GRANT by preventing the issue of the invitation to a Congress. The scheme, as it is ostensibly projected, furnishes no ground for diplomatic remonstrance. Any independent State may attend a Congress without consulting the wishes of Powers which are not included in the summons. On the other hand, there is no reason why friendly advice should not be offered to Governments which are virtually asked to surrender their independence. It will hereafter appear whether the Empire of Brazil, which is the greatest and most flourishing of the South American States, will be asked to attend the Congress. The probable offer to other States of a guarantee of a Republican form of government could scarcely be extended to a hereditary monarchy. Another difficulty may result from the prolongation of the quarrel between Chili and Peru. Two belligerents can scarcely accredit representatives to a Congress which is to regulate their international relations. The American press is not altogether unanimous in its approval of Mr. BLAINE'S policy. His apologists contend that, as the affairs of Europe are regulated by the Great Powers, the United States are entitled to supremacy over the American continent. If the Government of the United States were interested in any great European question, it would not fail to assert a right of interference which would not be disputed. The concert of the European Powers is ostensibly, and to some extent really, intended to secure their equality and independence. Mr. BLAINE'S proposed Congress corresponds more nearly to the occasions on which NAPOLEON received his dependents of the Confederation of the Rhine. The most desirable result of the proposal would be that the American States should respectfully decline it. They have nothing in this instance to gain by compliance, inasmuch as the dangers against which they would be guaranteed are wholly imaginary.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT AND THE JEWS.

THE first feeling excited by the account of the persecutions to which the Jews in Russia have been subjected for nearly a year is one of sheer incredulity. It seems impossible that such a story should be truly told of any country calling itself Christian and civilized. Unfortunately this comforting view of the case cannot long be maintained. The *Times* has made itself responsible for the accuracy of its Correspondent, by assuring us that the narrative has been "compiled from the best available

"sources of information." That there are some exaggerations in the narrative is quite possible; but great deductions may be made in this direction, and yet a most alarming amount of truth be left behind. It would be well, however, if the Correspondent of the *Times* would say what are the sources of information to which he has had access. The charges which have been brought against the Russian authorities are grave beyond all precedent, and they ought to have every facility given them for framing their defence. For it is the Russian Government, or the representatives of the Russian Government, that are really on their trial. The immediate authors of the outrages belong probably to that reckless and abandoned class which furnishes the actual rioters upon most similar occasions. What distinguishes the present cases is the extraordinary indifference, if not the positive encouragement, shown to the ringleaders by persons who would hardly have let matters go this length if they had not received or looked for decided support from their superiors.

According to the Correspondent of the *Times*, the first outbreak that occurred was as far back as the 27th of April last. At Elizabethgrad, upon that date, the synagogue and the dwellings of the Jews were wrecked, thirty Jewish women were outraged, and for three days the Jewish quarter was at the mercy of the mob. The rioters made such good use of their time that five hundred houses and one hundred shops were completely destroyed. The person from whom the *Times'* Correspondent had these details had himself seen an old man who, in vainly attempting to save his daughter from violation, had been thrown from the roof of his house, and was then in a state of hopeless madness. The events at Elizabethgrad were an intimation to the victims, and might have been a warning to the authorities, of similar deeds to be attempted, and, as it turned out, accomplished, elsewhere. On Sunday, May 8th, a riot of exactly the same character broke out at Kieff. In this case the Jews had specific notice of what was coming, and applied for protection to the Governor. The only answer they got was a refusal to trouble his soldiers for the sake of a pack of Jews. Soldiers are seldom uninterested spectators of a riot. Where they are not ordered to put it down, they will probably be found taking an active part in it. Both at Elizabethgrad and at Kieff the soldiers were as bad as the mob. At the latter town the rioters broke open the spirit shops, and then went to plunder the Jewish houses and to outrage the women. Twenty-five women and girls were violated, and five of them died in consequence. This fact, the Correspondent says, was "proved at the subsequent trials." In that case some record must exist of the proceedings which, if it can be got at, ought undoubtedly to be published in this country. The expression of foreign opinion can do very little, but it seems to supply the only available chance of preventing a renewal of these scenes whenever the greed or the lust of a Russian mob is again aroused. On May 9th a mob attacked the Jewish women of a village while the men were at the synagogue, outraged many of them, and caused the death of several. When the Jewish men came to the aid of their wives and daughters, three of them were killed. Throughout the month of May similar scenes were going on all over the South of Russia. Two villages were wrecked on May 10th. At Alexandrovsk three hundred out of the four hundred houses inhabited by Jewish families were destroyed. In the country, isolated Jewish families fared as badly as the large Jewish populations did in the towns. In one place we read of a Jewess being outraged, and then burnt in her house; in another, of a Jew, with his two children, being left to die in a house, to which the mob had set fire; in another, of an innkeeper being thrust into one of his own barrels, and flung into the river. At Odessa the Government had been warned that the Jews would be attacked, but took no measures to keep the peace. Here, however, the disturbance only lasted for six hours, owing to the vigorous resistance made by the victims. The authorities were perhaps led to interfere by the fear that the rioters might in the end get the worst of it. Of the 800 persons arrested by the police, 150 were Jews, and of these 26 were humorously charged with carrying revolvers without permission. Owing to the short time that the riot lasted, only one Jew was killed and only eleven Jewish women violated, one of whom however died afterwards. During June there were scarcely any riots, but in July things became as bad as ever. On the 12th, at Perejaslaw, the mob were led by the sons of the

merchants in the neighbourhood, and at Borispol, on the 21st, the rioters were encouraged in their worst outrages by the women of the place. Except for an interval, while the harvest was being got in, similar things were done all through the autumn; and at Warsaw on Christmas-Day the riots reached proportions they had not till then attained. The military authorities refused to use the soldiers for the purpose of preventing disturbance, and the police only interfered when the Jews seemed likely to be too successful in protecting themselves. The Correspondent of the *Times* declares that riots identical in their general character with those described took place during 1881 in over 160 towns and villages; that in 45 of these there have been reported 23 murders, 17 deaths following upon violation, and 225 outrages of women; and that 100,000 Jewish families have been left homeless.

It is probable that the Russian Government will meet these charges with a general denial; and it is for this reason that it is desirable that the evidence on which the charges rest should be published in detail. Assuming the statements in the *Times* to be true, the authorities have shown how accurately they appreciate the deeds that they have winked at by the care with which they have hitherto prevented any news of them from leaving the country. Unfortunately, foreign Powers can do but little to bring the Russian Government to a better mind. The Government which could speak with most chance of being heard is, of course, the German; but in this matter the German Government itself is not wholly guiltless. There has been nothing indeed in Germany resembling, even distantly, the anti-Jewish riots in Russia; but there have been unmistakable manifestations of the same spirit which have not always been treated by the authorities with the discouragement they deserved. When religious fanaticism is directed against a class which, besides being alien in race and creed, is cleverer and more successful in business than its assailants, there is always danger brewing. Even the envy of the women who encouraged the men to outrage Jewesses because they wore silks and satins was doubtless held to derive dignity from the fact that the objects of it were not Christians, while those who felt it were. It is never safe to trifle with passions of this kind. The interval between insult and positive outrage is very soon passed, and any acquiescence accorded to the former is interpreted as meant to extend to the latter. At the same time, the very circumstance that the German Government has been somewhat lax in dealing with the comparatively trifling examples of anti-Jewish feeling among its own subjects is a reason why it should be forward in atoning for any remissness it may hitherto have shown. It is impossible to define the exact share which the German feeling against the Jews has had in stimulating the feeling—similar in origin, though immeasurably worse in expression—which now shows itself in Russia. But it is certain that it has had a share. What is permitted in an advanced and civilized country will not simply be reproduced in a backward and comparatively barbarous country. It will be exaggerated and intensified until all resemblance to the parent stock seems to be lost. But the parent stock may, all the same, be responsible for its offspring. The Russian populace had probably very little knowledge of what had been going on in Germany. But any rumours of it that may have reached them would help to stimulate a fanaticism that needed no external encouragement, while upon the Russian local authorities it would be likely to have a far more direct and mischievous action. They would hear that the German Government was understood to sympathize with the anti-Jewish agitation; they would know that their master was on the best possible terms with the German Court; and they would assume that what the Germans had been suffered to do after their manner, the Russians might be suffered to do after theirs. The least that Prince BISMARCK now can do is to speak his mind to the Russian AMBASSADOR with the plainness of which, when he chooses, he is so great a master. The knowledge that the atrocities at which it has connived are viewed with abhorrence by its omnipotent neighbour will do more than anything else to convince the Russian Government of its sins. It is the chance that, as the character of the anti-Jewish outbreak becomes better known, the German Government may be disposed to offer some effectual remonstrance that makes it so desirable that the English press should give all possible publicity to the events of the last nine months.

ARMOUR v. SPEED.

TWO pictures of the actual and ideal condition of the English navy have this week been given to the public. As regards the actual condition, there is a close and unpleasant likeness between them. Lord HENRY LENNOX and Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG agree in declaring that the navy is in a bad way. Each looks for the kind of ship which he likes the best, and finds that we have either too few of the kind or none at all. Lord HENRY LENNOX has a preference for ironclads; and in the speech he made at Portsmouth on Wednesday he drew a careful comparison between English ironclads and French. When the number and characters of both fleets are looked at side by side, the result is not encouraging. In point of ships, the two countries are exactly equal. England has, or soon will have, thirty-eight armoured vessels, and France has, or soon will have, thirty-eight armoured vessels. This is not exactly the kind of thing we have been promised by successive First Lords of the Admiralty. There has been a common form introduced into every Estimates' speech, in which it has been laid down that England must have, and therefore has, a fleet large enough to cope, not merely with any one maritime Power, but, at the very least, with any two maritime Powers. It seems plain that, if France has thirty-eight ironclads and we have no more, an alliance with any other Power that has a ship or two at its command would give France a decided superiority over England. This is true if we suppose the fleets of the two Powers to be equally available for any single specific purpose. As a matter of fact, however, this is not the case. The English fleet has a great number of duties to perform to which the French fleet can show no counterpart. It may be wanted, in the event of a war, in a dozen parts of the world at once; and, if France were our adversary, we could not detach a single ship for one of these purposes without reducing our defensive strength at sea below that of the enemy. Number, however, is the point upon which Lord HENRY LENNOX finds our position most encouraging. When he compares the French armour with the English, or the French speed with the English, the conclusions he arrives at are even less satisfactory. Out of the English ships that are armoured with steel only four are armoured completely—that is, at the water-line as well as over the guns—while out of nine armoured French ships eight are armoured in both places. France has four vessels building which will have 20 inches of solid steel at the water-line and 18 over the guns. The best ship that we can set against these has only 18 inches of combined steel and iron at the water-line and 14 inches over the guns. France, again, has four ships building which will have 10 inches of armour at the water-line and 8 inches over the guns, whereas we, though we are building ships of the same class, are only building two of them. As to speed, the average rate of all the French ships is 14 knots an hour; the average rate of all the English ships is only 13·2 knots an hour. Lord HENRY LENNOX is so confident in the blow which he holds in reserve that he is willing, after setting out these figures, to concede that in armour the two fleets are nearly equal, and that in speed the difference will not be great. The real inequality, he says, lies in the guns with which the respective ships are armed. A breech-loading gun has three times the power of penetration possessed by a muzzle-loading gun of the same calibre, and since 1864 no foreign navy has ordered any muzzle-loading guns. England, however, has still lately ordered nothing else. Certainly the list of the French guns is rather a disturbing one. There are eight ships now building which will carry 48-ton guns, four which will carry 72-ton guns, and two which will carry 75-ton guns. Against this we can only set our solitary ship armed with 80-ton guns and sundry others armed with guns varying from 34 to 43 tons. The smaller French vessels are armed with 20½-ton breech-loaders; the English vessels of the same class are armed with 10-ton and 12-ton muzzle-loaders. In modern estimation the weight of guns is very much more important than their number; so that, after hearing that France has 164 guns weighing in the aggregate 4,630 tons, it is not much comfort to know that England has 236 guns weighing in the aggregate 4,702 tons.

Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's address comes in one respect as a consolation amidst the gloom engendered by Lord HENRY LENNOX's figures. There is no need, he tells us,

to be troubled at our inferiority in the matter of ironclads, inasmuch as the day of ironclads is pretty well over. Naval constructors have gone on making their armour thicker and thicker until now they can do no more if the vessel is still to float and move. But though the resisting power of armour has in this way come to an end, the penetrating power of guns goes on increasing; so that, no matter how many inches of steel plating our ships may carry to-day, we may be sure that in a year or two a gun will have been made that will pierce them. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's proposal is that we should give up building ironclads, and devote ourselves instead to building ships which will make themselves a nuisance to ironclads. Of course they must be reasonably shot-proof; but this Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG believes can be attained by having an under-water deck, and by giving them a degree of speed which will enable them to evade the fire of the unwieldy ironclad, while constantly pouring their own shot into her. The merit of Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's scheme is that it gives us three times the number of guns that could be obtained by building ironclads, because the money that would be wanted to build one ironclad would build three fast unarmoured ships, each of which would carry the same number and weight of guns which the ironclad would carry. If England and France were unhappily at war, Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG gives a picture of an enemy's ironclad surrounded by three much smaller, but much faster and equally well-armed vessels, and vainly endeavouring to make head against them. Although, however, Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG is not at all disturbed at our want of ironclads, he is very much disturbed by our want of the fast unarmoured ships which he wishes to see take the place of ironclads. Here also foreign Powers have gone ahead of us. We have built ships for other Governments which can steam sixteen knots an hour, and go from here to America without having to take in fresh coal. The guns which these vessels carry can pierce eighteen inches of armour, and they need never, unless they like, come within reach of an enemy's fire. But no ships of this character have been built for our own Government. If we were at war with the fortunate Power which possesses these paragons, we have no ship "carrying an armament competent to engage them that could overtake them in pursuit or evade their attack when prudence dictated a retreat."

How is the Admiralty to make its choice between these two theories of shipbuilding? According to Lord HENRY LENNOX, it is neglecting a public duty if it does not make our ironclad fleet equal to that of the French. According to Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, it is wasting public money if it builds ironclads instead of building those small but effectual destroyers of ironclads. Which of the two prescriptions is the right one, and how is an Admiralty to decide when naval doctors disagree? It seems to us that the public may properly leave the naval authorities to decide this question in whichever way they think best, if only they will undertake to give us either ironclads, or fast unarmoured vessels carrying heavy guns, or both. The only thing that we protest against, the only thing that uninstructed outsiders have a right to protest against, is being given neither. If, when the Navy Estimates come to be moved, we are told that the Admiralty has given its best attention to the arguments on each side, and has determined at once to lay down a fleet of fast unarmoured vessels, which it believes will give a good account of the French ironclads, we shall be content. If, on the other hand, we are told that the Admiralty have not been convinced by Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG's arguments, and that orders have been given to build as many ironclads as will avail to restore to England that superiority over any combination of maritime Powers which she has always been promised, we shall be content. The only thing that will not be endurable will be to learn that neither project has been adopted, and that the Admiralty has contentedly accepted a state of things in which the English navy is no longer equal, when the demands made on it are considered, to the fleet of France alone. That would be a novel experience to Englishmen, and one to which it is to be hoped Lord NORTHBROOK and Mr. TREVELYAN do not propose to introduce us.

POETIC INSPIRATION.

THE idea of poetic inspiration, of some almost supernatural elevation of mind, of some knowledge and impetus given to the singer from without, is probably as old as poetic composition itself. Unless we believe, with some speculative theorists, that men could sing before they could speak, we must look for the oldest ideas about inspiration in the oldest literary documents on the subject which we possess. The later Indians held that the Vedic hymns were things eternally existing in some supersensual world, and that they were merely revealed to, or "seen" by, the Rishis, or bards, in moments of vision. This notion, or something analogous to it, survives in our common critical expression about the "vision" of a poet, who, it is implied, sees in some way with the inner eye the events and situations which he describes in verse. The old Rishis themselves appear to have taken a more commonplace view of their own productions, usually asserting that they were "makers," in the old English sense of that word, and that they "made" poems as a chariot-maker constructs a chariot. Sometimes, again, they attributed their inspiration to the intoxicating effects of soma, that very disagreeable stimulant of which Dr. Haug—who alone, perhaps, of modern Europeans has sipped it—says he could not drink more than two or three teaspoonfuls. In other cases, again, the Rishis "conceived themselves to be prompted and directed in the composition of their hymns and prayers by supernatural aid derived from various deities of their pantheon." This idea is the familiar one of the Greeks, who told how the Muses taught Hesiod beautiful song as he fed his sheep under holy Helicon. And the Muses robbed Thamyris of his songs because he boasted that he could out-sing them all. The poets of the Finnish Kalewala have not such a supernatural theory of inspiration. "These lays came to me as I followed the flocks, in a land of meadows honey-sweet and of golden hills. . . . The cold has spoken to me, and the rain has told me her runes; the winds of heaven, the waves of the sea, have spoken and sung to me; the wild birds have taught me, the music of many waters has been my master."

The notion of poetic inspiration, of a communication from some muse or god, is probably derived from the sense which poets, and indeed all composers, have that they are producing pictures and ideas which did not consciously exist in their minds before the moment of composition. Even now it is not uncommon to hear artists say that the brush or the pen seems to suggest something to them. A painter will admit that he did not in any sense "see" his picture, or realize precisely what it would be like, till he began to use his brush. There is always a mystery about the inspiration of the modern poet, because he very wisely does not admit people to see his blotted and ineffectual efforts. Still it is absolutely certain, from many signs, that inspiration, or the excitement which used to be called inspiration, has not very much to do with the final shape in which a poem is given to the world. There is just as much conscious reflective art in the process, just as much of trying experiments and making futile sketches, as much of polishing and refining in the rough draft, as there notoriously is in the arts of painting and sculpture. Perhaps the poet could not not always, if he wished, give a very distinct account of how he came to produce a given work. Poe's well-known account of the absolutely artificial making of the "Raven," from reasoned step to step, is probably one of his many mystifications. The evidence rather goes to prove that he had a poetical or metrical cadence of sounds floating in his brain—the echo, it seems, of a ballad of Mrs. Browning's—and that the ideas of the "Raven" gradually grouped themselves round the wordless harmonies. This is perhaps a common origin of poems. The beat of certain sounds runs in the maker's head, till it is happily wedded to appropriate ideas and words, "married and done for." Other poems, especially short ones like sonnets, have been "written up" either to an idea or to some single line of a striking and melodious sort which occurred to the poet. In other cases, again, the mood of inspiration has been noticed in the poet before the poem came into even rudimentary existence, as when Burns was walking about in the moonlight before he wrote "To Mary in Heaven," a long time after poor Mary had gone thither. In this case, poetry was, in Wordsworth's language, "recollected emotion." Alfred de Musset, once more, was a poet who knew by some admonition or other when the Muse was coming upon him. He wrote his poems at a white heat. It is curious to read, in the biography of his brother, how he would light up every candle he could lay his hands on, and work fervidly, in a blaze of light, all through the night when he was in the mood. One gathers that "paper-sparing Pope" wrote his poems in odd moments, and certainly on scraps and odds and ends of old letters, though Pope, too, would sometimes write through the night, and ring his bell again and again for fresh supplies of paper. It is impossible to imagine that any poet was ever "inspired" all through the composition of an epic, or a long romance in verse, like the *Lady of the Lake* or *Marmion*. Often it must have been hard uphill work against the collar, and there must be passages which the bard had little pleasure in creating, and which, therefore, the world will never contemplate with much pleasure. Scott sought inspiration in long rides on the hills. Southey did his two hours of poetry *per diem* in the study as regularly as he did his grind at history or at articles for the *Quarterly*. At other hours he was not at home to the Muse, and hence, doubtless, the dullness of poems which have almost ceased to be known even by name.

The best proof that inspiration is at most only an impulse to

composition, and perhaps the gift of some ideas and some "magical" expressions, is supplied by the corrections of poets. Up to a certain age poets, as a rule, steadily improve their works in their later editions, long after the accident of inspiration must have passed away. Two singular examples of Poe's improvements have recently been published in an American newspaper. His poem on the "Young Lenore" and his "Valley of Nis" are well known in their present shape. They were originally published in the *Southern Messenger*, a Richmond paper, and their first shape is so rough and tuneless that the verses are only just recognizable. In both poems appears a lady named Helen—the name was one which had a singular charm for Poe—who has now disappeared. "The young Lenore" has taken her place in the dirge; in the other piece no lady is mentioned at all. Mr. Matthew Arnold writes with more finish than appearance of inspiration, and his changes in later editions chiefly consist in giving new names to his poems. The somewhat odd and uncomfortable line "ere the parting kiss be dry" has given place to "ere the parting hour go by," and beyond this we scarcely remember any alterations of importance. Mr. Tennyson's improvements, on the other hand, are so numerous and so justly conceived that they might afford topics for a dozen papers to a "Tennyson Society," if ever such a body came into existence, which may Heaven forbid. In his *Poems, Chiefly Lyric* (1830) occurs "Mariana," already perfect, and in this poem not one alteration, except of spelling, as "glimmer'd" for "glimmered," has been made. "The Dying Swan" and other poems, are also practically unchanged. "The Sleeping Beauty" is a short lyric of three stanzas, the germ, we may presume, of a poem that now fills thirteen pages. A good deal of this early volume has not been reprinted by the poet; but in what he has preserved there is little change. The "Poems" of 1833 are in quite different case. In them Mr. Tennyson has made many remarkable alterations for the better. "The Lady of Shalott" ended half-humorously:—

They crossed themselves, their stars they blest,
Knight, minstrel, abbot, squire, and guest,
There lay a parchment on her breast,
That puzzled more than all the rest
The well-fed wits at Camelot.
"The web was woven curiously,
The charm is broken utterly.
Draw near, and fear not, this is I,
The Lady of Shalott."

Part of "The Miller's Daughter" is written in a half-bantering strain, which has now disappeared from that idyl. We almost miss the old lines—

At will to wander every way,
From brook to brook my sole delight,
As lithe eels over meadows grey
Oft shift their glimmering pool by night.

The song, too, is changed, with its burden of

Tremulous eyes, like April skies,
That seem to say, "Forget me not,
I pray you, love, forget me not."

"Fatima" was not Fatima in 1833, but bore the famous motto from Sappho:—

φαίνεται μοι κηπος ἴσος θεοῖσιν
ἔμμεν ἀνθρ.

"Eneone," as a note tells us, was partly written in the Pyrenees, the inspiration of the hills not lasting all through the poem. It is interesting to compare this with the later inspiration of the "stream that flashes white" in the Valley of Causeretz on an autumn day after "two and thirty years." "Eneone" has been greatly altered; always for the better. "The Palace of Art" has lost much, as in the verse

Or Venus in a snowy shell alone,
Deep-shadowed in the glassy brine,
Moonlike glowed double on the blue, and shone
A naked shape divine.

Or, again, of the Soul

Still changing, as a lighthouse in the night
Changeth athwart the gleaming main,
From red to yellow, yellow to pale white,
Then back to red again.

In later editions the Soul ceased to burn gas, which she had introduced, as Scott did at Abbotsford, into her Palace of Art:—

She lit white streams of dazzling gas,
And soft and fragrant flames of precious oils,
In moons of purple glass.

There are many other examples besides this of the truth that afterthoughts are best, and that the first inspiration is not always the last word of the Muse, in the early poems of Mr. Tennyson. Wordsworth's later changes point in the other direction, and warn bards to beware of tinkering at their compositions late in life.

PAR FRATRUM.

AN announcement of the deepest interest to lovers of the detailed biography of great men went the circuit of the daily papers on Tuesday last, the original source being, it would appear, a periodical called *The Christian Age*. According to this statement, "Mr. Gladstone and his eldest son were present at the service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday evening last, and

occupied Mrs. Spurgeon's pew. Both before and after the sermon they were in the pastor's vestry. Mr. Gladstone shook hands heartily with the deacons and elders present, and expressed himself delighted with the service." The precision and circumstantial character of this announcement cannot but receive warm acknowledgment from the historical student, and contrasts very favourably with the bald "— and — walked on the slopes" of older chroniclers. The warm heart of a grateful people naturally desires to know in the minutest particulars the movements of the Pillar of its Hopes, as Mr. Horace Davey, the latest contributor to the great roll of Gladstone-Liturgies, has dubbed the member for Midlothian. Some jealousy may indeed be aroused in rival Bethels by this announcement, which, if we mistake not, is not the first of its kind. But it may possibly be that Mr. Gladstone is going to take what is, we believe, technically called a "course" by his new fellow-worshippers, and that he will distribute the steps of that course equitably among the various tabernacles of his staunchest supporters. Scandal used to have it that a former Prime Minister, who was not the most brilliant of men, maintained his hold on the nation by the regularity of his attendance at church with all his family before him. Mr. Gladstone, who is the most brilliant of men, has moved with the times, and has improved on the practice of the lamented Mr. Perceval. The battle of the Constitution is to be fought out in the precincts of Ebenezer, and Ebenezer must accordingly be secured. Mr. Gladstone's plan is unquestionably a wise one. The most assiduous attendance at the places of worship of the Established Church would not, we fear, secure him the issue of such a document as the celebrated ministerial adjuration to the Nonconformist electors of a certain Welsh county two years ago. Or it may be that this access of roving devotion has another meaning. There are examples in history of great personages, both Christian and heathen, who have been wont to inaugurate (the word is for once the proper one) great actions with functions intended to secure the favour of all possible deities. The rigid devoutness of certain famous frequenters of Homburg in the old days is notorious; and we have read somewhere of a Portuguese pirate on the Mozambique coast who never went to sea without an image of the Virgin, a Bible wrapped up in a cloth, a bottle of Zem-zem water, and a fetish of the very best quality, procured regardless of expense. Mr. Gladstone also is on the eve of a great enterprise—no less than the transformation of the House of Commons into a Bed of Justice, bound to register his edicts. His heart is doubtless tender and devout, and he is particularly anxious not to offend the upper powers by casually omitting that method of propitiating them which may happen to be the right one. An accurate and industrious Jeames, detailed for the purpose, would probably be able to trace all the windings of the course, from which it is improbable that any form of worship would be excluded, except one. We cannot imagine Mr. Gladstone attending a Jewish synagogue. Not merely would his Christianity revolt at it, but there are other reasons. The Jews are responsible for producing "that—that other person," if we may borrow from Thackeray a convenient and decorous form of expression, and they are at the present moment becoming extremely troublesome in Russia. What business have Jews to be persecuted? That is a luxury reserved for Neapolitans and Bulgarians.

There is one trifling omission in the otherwise businesslike and even scholarly report of the Aged Christian. He should surely have given what are, we believe, technically called "the heads"—an expression not to be interpreted in a Dyak or Montenegrin sense, but implying a *précis* of the Tabernacle discourse. It would be interesting to know what it was which delighted Mr. Gladstone, and made him shake hands so heartily with those deacons, a proceeding somewhat suggestive of Mr. Parker's great recipe for winning an election. Fortunately Mr. Spurgeon's most recently published, or republished, work comes to our assistance. The pastor of the Tabernacle has just announced his three hundred and tenth thousand of a work called *John Ploughman's Talk*, in the pages whereof it is permissible to look for the possible source of Mr. Gladstone's delight. It may, however, be frankly admitted that there are plenty of obvious reasons why Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Spurgeon should get on together. They both share what may be called the demagogic idiosyncrasy—the curious temperament which is at once convinced utterly of its own merits, and at the same time irresistibly tempted to convert other people to a belief in those merits, and infinitely comforted and strengthened by the fact of that belief. On the face of it this temperament seems self-contradictory; for why should a man who knows he is wise care for the approval of fools? It is, however, the note of successful demagogues to possess it, and perhaps no two people in England possess it more strongly, and have indicated the possession of it more strikingly, than Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Spurgeon. For instance, here is a sentence at the opening of our Ploughman. He is condemning a certain class of people—lazy people as it happens, but that is not here or there—and he says that "They ought to have a large looking-glass hung up where they are bound to see themselves in it, for sure if their eyes are at all like mine, they would never bear to look at themselves long." It must (we take the harmless liberty of supposing that the distinguished preacher repeated himself to the extent of this and other quotations) have been very hard for Mr. Gladstone to avoid illustrating a famous old story and ejaculating "Hear, hear" at this. For this is exactly how it always strikes him about his political opponents; that if they could only see themselves properly—that is, of course, "with eyes like his"—they could not go on being wicked Tories,

or wickeder Moderate Liberals. He would certainly have shaken his head at the statement, "Better do nothing than do mischief"; but Mr. Spurgeon's immediate comment, "I am not sure of that," would have reassured him. For the whole principle of the legislation of his party is that you had better do mischief than do nothing. Yet a little, and we come to a remark which is still happier. "It is a dreadful thing to see a happy family of Christians broken up by talkative faultfinders, and all about nothing, or less than nothing." A sympathetic and heartfelt groan ought to have been the least sign of Mr. Gladstone's agreement with this, as he sadly remembered the Marquess of Lansdowne and the Duke of Argyll, and bitterly thought of a possible morrow, when the horrid faultfinders would make use of *clôtures* and suchlike trifling things to split up the happy Christian family in Downing Street yet further. We do not know what he would have thought of Mr. Spurgeon's amiable and reverent statement that "a cross on the back is the sign of a devil in the heart"; but to do him justice, we hardly think he can have liked it much. Yet he might have found something to cheer him in a remark which occurs some pages later. "Don't be ashamed to walk down Turnagain Lane." That sweet, shady path is a most favourite resort of Mr. Gladstone's, and indeed it may be thought that he hardly needs any encouragement to tread it. The saying that "a man who is learning to play on a trumpet and a petted child are two very disagreeable neighbours" would have been almost painfully pointed if the youngest, instead of the eldest, of Mr. Gladstone's offspring had accompanied his father as he went to the house of Mr. Spurgeon; for, by a really remarkable coincidence, the member for Leeds combines the two disagreeables. It would be instructive to have a scholium by Mr. Gladstone on the following:—"One thing be sure of, never believe in a priest of any religion, for before a man could be bad enough to pretend to be a priest he must have hardened his heart and blinded his conscience to the most horrible degree. Our governors imprison gipsies for telling fortunes, and yet they give fat livings to vagabonds who deceive the people in much weightier things." If Mr. Spurgeon had actually said this, even Mr. Gladstone might have had a qualm about the exact propriety of his selection of the place to spend a Sunday evening in. "All fathers are not wise; some spoil their children," would again have been personal; and it is not quite certain that there would not be a sting in "Men cannot be in their senses when they brew with bad malt and expect good beer," considering the revelations as to the effect of the commutation of the Malt-duty. But we have kept the worst of these utterances to the last. We hope—we sincerely hope—that Mr. Spurgeon did not say anything like it on Sunday night. "When we are injured we are bound as Christians to bear it without malice; but we are not to pretend that we do not feel it, for this will but encourage our enemies to kick us again." It would have been an awful thing if the shadow of Majuba had fallen from Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit on to Mr. Gladstone's head.

Nevertheless, in spite of these hypothetical utterances (which we have assigned to Mr. Spurgeon hypothetically only, and on the soundest and most legitimate principles of conjectural restoration in default of documents), the general impression of fellow-feeling between two great men survives the perusal of *John Ploughman's Talk*. There is the same immeasurable belief in themselves, the same Christian and courteous imputation of motives and ethical schemes to their enemies, the same ingenious insinuation that the common people, and the mass of the common people rather than the minority of them, are the chosen depositaries of wisdom and virtue. It is not, therefore, at all improbable that Mr. Gladstone was really and truly delighted, and no doubt profit as well as pleasure will follow from the visit. Lord Beaconsfield was once accused in a happy quotation, illustrated by a happier drawing, of "meditating with two deep divines." These were, as in the original, bishops; but Mr. Gladstone knows a trick worth two of that, or rather, to be arithmetically accurate, he knows that Mr. Spurgeon is worth in point of votes at least two bishops, and may perhaps believe that his company has an equally good effect spiritually. It is quite conceivable that, after his coquettings with Mr. Bradlaugh, he should think a little ghostly converse advisable, and hope that his night's exploit in Walworth will a little gild his days with the elect of Northampton. A too exclusive favour to Mr. Bradlaugh would not only be unwise, but unjust. It may, indeed, be contended that the ascription of a devil in the heart to all persons who have borne the cross on their back qualifies Mr. Spurgeon for a position even in front of Iconoclast among the leaders of free thought. If the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle does not desire this position, he should really be careful of his figures, whether they be quotations or not.

SIDON.

"A MOURNFUL and solitary silence now prevails along the shore which once resounded with the world's debate." These are the sonorous words with which a great historian dismisses the Crusaders from his pages, and tells of the last state of Phœnicia. From Arvad to Ascalon the land is a waste of sand and rock; while Sidon, the foundress of Carthage, is little more than a port for fishing-smacks. Standing on the southern eminence overlooking the town, it requires a strong effort of imagination to re-people her harbours with the painted galleys of many oars, and her streets with the merchants who were like

princes in the years of the world's youth. It is difficult now to fancy the strongest naval contingent of Xerxes crowding out of the choked-up bay, or to picture the massacre of Ochus in the narrow and almost deserted ways of modern Saidā. Yet it was amongst these that five thousand of the old Sidonians, having first burnt their ships, offered up themselves and their families a holocaust to the fire-god Baal, rather than fall into the hands of the Persian satraps, and this is what was once the capital of the greatest maritime and commercial power of antiquity. Here was the emporium of traffic, of science, and of art, and the centre of a civilization which borrowed from Egypt and Greece and amalgamated with that of Persia to corrupt Rome with its enormous wealth and luxury. The history of the Sidonians is a chequered one from the days when they oppressed the Israelites and failed Laish in its hour of need, down to the times when they supplied the Sybarites of the Imperial city with perfumes for the bath and purple for the toga. Above all things, they knew how to choose good friends and evade bad quarrels, and it is perhaps for this reason that for so many centuries their riches remained to them, even down to the Crusades, in the course of which they several times saved their city from invasion by payments of heavy bribes.

The first great blow to their strength was undoubtedly the treachery of Tennes, their king, in delivering them up to Artaxerxes the Third, and they never regained any considerable independent power, losing all chance of participation in the events which succeeded the death of Alexander and the distribution of his empire. At the beginning of the Christian era, however, by dint of keeping out of difficulties, Phœnicia once more amassed great wealth, and the new intercourse with the West infused a fresh activity into her ports of Tyre and Sidon, Antioch and Laodicea. The peculiar refinements of the East, which have their charms even now for Europeans, burst like a revelation upon the almost rough simplicity of the Roman conquerors. The "Syrian merchandise" of Horace was eagerly sought after, and in return the novelties of Europe were introduced into Syria. Italian merchants thronged her ports, and flooded Rome with strange Oriental spices, perfumes, silks, and embroideries. The veiled figures that now steal along the miserable thoroughfares are of the stock which once made the scandal of the Censors and the fortunes of the slave-dealers. The trade in slaves, Jews and Syrians—"nationes natæ servituti," as Cicero calls them—was incredible; and the same writer records with shame that the riches gained by the dealers exceeded those of the Lælii and Africani, and dwarfed a proconsul's provincial spoil. Juvenal and Tibullus have told us of the slave-mart of Rome; Terence and Plautus show us the domesticated Syrian, and Lucian and Martial the courtesan. The character given to these Phœnician importations is always of the worst; and it is curious to read in these old satirists many a description that fits accurately their descendants of to-day. What can be shrewder or more terse than the axiom "ut quisquam optimè Græcè sciret, ita esse nequissimum," applied to the parasites and slaves that were the bane of society, a large majority of whom came from the East. This observation, coupled with the fact that Strabo mentions Boethus and Diodotus of Sidon as fellow-students in Aristotle, would argue that at a late period Greek was the common language of the Phœnician coast-towns. M. Ernest Renan dates the Greek influence from B.C. 400, since which time, he says, "Sidon se hellénise." Abundant proof of a long domination of Hellenic feeling is found in the innumerable relics in stone and gold turned up by the native treasure-seekers, and in the mortuary inscriptions recorded and deciphered by archaeological travellers. Though short and imperfect, many of these are extremely interesting, in spite of their frequent sameness, more than one hundred consisting in little else than a name and the well-known formula, *χρηστὴ καὶ ἀνὴρ χαίρει*. The historical inferences deducible from these witnesses have been fully investigated by late inquirers, and especially by the French Mission of 1860, so that we need not enlarge upon the light they throw on the past of Sidon. The philosophical admonition, *θαρσὶ, οὐδέ τις ἀδύνατος*, recurring more than once, shows that the Stoic school had its followers here; and a few fine epigraphic monuments of the Crusaders bring us on to the Christian epoch. Still, modern Saidā is but a puny representative of ancient Sidon; and the relics of its antiquity are bitterly disappointing. As a matter of fact, the old town has entirely disappeared, and a few shafts of columns and rough-hewn blocks of stone are all that remain above ground to mark the site of one of the oldest cities of the world. Even below ground researches have hitherto been eminently unsatisfactory, failing altogether to disclose the remains that might have been expected. This result is perhaps due to the fact that successive generations have ransacked all places likely to contain marketable records of the past. What has now become the business of exploration was once considered a sacrilegious crime, but the sanctity of tombs has long since ceased to be respected. Yet it is hard to believe that nothing further remains to be found in a country which has yielded so little in comparison with what others of inferior promise have done. The most valuable *trouvaille* that has ever been made at Sidon was that of the engraved sarcophagus of Eshmunazar, now in the Louvre. This was disinterred in the plain outside the walls, within ten yards of the Mugharet Abloom, from an insignificant chamber in the rock. High hopes were naturally raised, and excavations on a large scale were at once undertaken and carried on with more or less vigour down to 1861. The fruits of the labour thus expended

were however poor, and nothing was found at all to equal the first sarcophagus. Many others were brought to light, but in the absence of any inscription it is extremely difficult to assign dates to any of them. That of Eshmunazar is indeed the only one which we can definitely class as belonging to the twenty-sixth Saitic Dynasty in the sixth century B.C. By a comparison of the work of this and of the other sarcophagi of the Sidonian necropolis we can conjecture that some of them belong to a much earlier period, which it is, however, impossible to fix. Throughout the structure and contents of the more antique sepulchres the imitation of Egyptian art is most evident, giving ground a little to Greek influence in the latest specimens, which are marked by a higher relief of the head from the lid of the coffin and a more salient cut of the arms and shoulders. The sarcophagus of Eshmunazar was brought undoubtedly from Egypt ready fashioned and engraved, whereas the others are executed by Phœnician workmen, taking their models always from Egypt, and latterly imparting touches from Grecian sculpture. The scarabs, beads, figures, gold ornaments, and gold-leaf mummy masks found at Sidon are in no way distinguishable from the Egyptian specimens, and were also probably imported ready manufactured. Phœnician art as a separate and distinct type can scarcely be said to exist, the artificers having alternately copied from Egypt and borrowed from Greece, missing the grandeur of the one and the delicacy of the other. As a curious link between these two great schools, it is deserving of study.

Passing centuries and changing dynasties have not deprived Sidon of its magnificent natural position. Like almost all Phœnician ports, it is situated on a cape, from which it would seem that the old mariners aimed rather at a commanding point of reconnaissance than at a shelter from storms. The only real anchorage which the Phœnicians possessed was that of the island of Ruad. Sidon has three harbours, none of which are at the present day approachable in bad weather or serviceable in good. Remembering those of Munychia and Phalerum, we shall not perhaps wonder so much at what first strikes the observer as their insignificance. The central and most commodious one was purposely rendered useless by Fakr Eddin, by sinking boats and throwing down the mole, in order to prevent the entrance of Turkish men-of-war. The most prominent features of the town are the two castles built by the Crusaders in the thirteenth century, Sidon having been first taken from the Moslems in the beginning of the twelfth by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, and Sigur the Norwegian. In 1252, however, the Turcomans rose in arms, and massacred two thousand Christians, upon which Louis IX. marched up from Tyre, and, defeating them at Baniyas, took possession of Sidon. Joinville says on this occasion, "Quand le roy eut parachevé de fermer et clore Japhe, il lui print envie de faire à Saigette (Sidon) comme il avoit fait à Japhe"; but it does not appear that he did much besides fortifying the place and building the two castles now garrisoned by Turkish soldiers. That on the sea-shore is of irregular shape, and adapted to the formation of the rock on which it stands. It is built of heterogeneous materials, and is connected with the shore by a picturesque bridge of nine spans. The second fortress commands the whole town; and from its topmost tower, now used as a powder magazine, we obtain one of the finest coast views of Syria. The rest of the structure is in ruins, overgrown with weeds, and inhabited by lizards. The bazaars are unworthy of notice, and the few old buildings that remain are scarcely recognizable under their modern travesty. One of the most striking of these is the Khan Français, belonging to the French Government, where various industries are carried on. Here the lover of dried figs should pass with averted eyes. To see a half-naked man, smeared with dirt, perform a weird dance with bare feet on a swinging basket of new figs is by no means appetizing. On the shores of the western harbour the soil is almost completely composed of millions of calcined shells, popularly supposed, with some reason, to be those from which the famous Tyrian purple used to be extracted. On the south, between Sidon and the foot of the Lebanon stretch the gardens which are now the source of half the small wealth of the inhabitants. Passing here in the spring, we can understand what was meant by "*Σιδόνα ἀνθεύουσαν*." The most important crop is that of lemons and oranges, and the perfume of their blossom can be perceived many miles out at sea. Inside the gardens themselves the scent of violets, roses, and honeysuckles mingles with that of the orange-flowers which cover the trees and carpet the ground. The honey of the bees here is the sweetest in Syria, and many connoisseurs prefer it to that of Hymettus. The export of oranges and lemons continues for nine months in the year, beginning with the young green fruit in September. These are sent up to Odessa for three months, till the freezing of the Black Sea precludes further import. The trade then goes on actively with the rest of Europe and with Egypt up till May. Lemons naturally fetch a much higher price than oranges, being bought from the grower at from twenty-two to twenty-five shillings the net thousand, while oranges cost only ten to sixteen shillings, and a thousand is reckoned at twelve hundred and fifty. The tobacco trade has sunk to very small proportions, and where two million oke used to pay duty, some ten thousand now pass the Custom House. Dealers in bitumen from the mines of Hasbeyā also complain of the badness of the times, receiving only fifty francs for a hundred kilos instead of being able to exchange an oke of the raw material for the same weight of English spun cotton as they did not long since. Of a truth *tempora mutantur*. Oranges

and tobacco in place of glass and myrrh, bitumen and birdlime instead of slaves and purple, cottages for palaces and fishing-boats for war-galleys, copper for gold and Saida for Sidon, teach a severe lesson.

BLOCK IN THE IRISH LAND COURT.

EARLY in the present week the Irish Land Commissioners opened the first sittings in appeal at Belfast, and very considerable interest was naturally felt in their proceedings. That interest is as yet undiminished; for the simple reason that, at the time of our writing, no decision of the Commissioners has been reported. Although the case first before them was not one of any special importance, it was felt that it would be practically impossible for judgment to be given in it without some inkling being obtained of the principles on which the Commission is likely to proceed; but this satisfaction has not yet been given. It is true that considerable time has been occupied in the discussion of a general question of great importance—the question whether the reports of the valuers employed by the Commission are to be made public or not; but this question did not at once arise, and it is therefore evident that the Commissioners (very properly) have no intention of getting over the ground at the lightning speed of their subordinates. It is, however, no wonder that the question should be asked, How long, at this rate, will it be before the twenty Belfast cases, the three or four hundred cases set down for appeal before the Christmas holidays, the uncounted thousands which may be reasonably presumed to be on their way to the lists of the Commission, are disposed of? Much confidence has been expressed by sanguine people in the value of what they term test cases. When, it is said, a few of these have been worked off by Mr. Justice O'Hagan and his colleagues, the decisions in them will guide compromises in hundreds and thousands of others. To a very small extent this may be the case; but no one who has carefully watched the proceedings hitherto can believe that it will be the case to any but a very small extent, for the various applications are, in the very nature of them, independent of each other, and require individual attention. The quality of the land is not the same; the distribution of improvements between tenant and owner is not the same. The only case in which the so-called test decisions could prove to be what their advocates expect is the case of the Commissioners indiscriminately upholding the reductions which their subordinates have indiscriminately made. Then, indeed, the luckless landlords might think it well to make terms with the enemy at whose mercy they were; but, in any other case, the confidence of each individual landlord in his right, and the faith of each individual tenant in his chance, must pretty certainly bring about an appeal in the majority of instances. Now it requires no demonstration that the existing machinery is utterly incompetent to deal with such a state of things. We have never regarded this incompetence as the final argument against the Land Bill which it has been assumed to be in some quarters. If England is determined to bring the Irish landlords to the gallows, she must find a proper supply of rope and of hangmen—that is clear. But as a minor question of policy, it is undoubtedly desirable that the unfortunates should be put out of their misery as soon as possible. The delay undoubtedly strengthens the No-rent movement; it renders it unlikely that the excitement in the country should calm down, and it prevents tenants from attending to a business-like disposal of their booty, and landlords from considering how they shall meet with ten thousand a year the charges undertaken with twenty thousand. The present state of suspense would be bad for any country, but it is especially bad for Ireland, where the prevalent disposition is always to be sanguine about possible gain, and never to face the wolf till he is actually at the door and half over the threshold.

A proposal has been made for the conversion of one of the present judges of the Landed Estates Court into a new legal Commissioner, for the appointment of two new lay assessors of rank equal to Messrs. Litton and Vernon, and for the provision in this way of a second Court of Appeal co-ordinate with the first. This is, of course, a very obvious suggestion, though it is against precedent, and perhaps against good sense, to have two Courts of Appeal independent of each other. The existence of two such Courts naturally suggests the creation of a third to decide points on which they might differ, and so on, *ad infinitum*. However, this may be waived; and it may even be said that the institution of a complete Appeal Court for each of the four provinces would not in its way be a bad thing, if it could be managed. But a good deal would have to be done before it could be managed. There was no small difficulty, it may be remembered, in constituting the existing Court; and, even with the loan of Mr. Justice Flanagan or Mr. Justice Omsby as a nucleus, it is not at all clear that it would be easy to make up a second, much less a third and a fourth. The great need, moreover, is that the reinforcement should come quickly. This is exactly what the projected reinforcement could not do. The Act provides no machinery for thus supplementing the present Commission. The appointment of Chief Commissioners is rigidly limited, and fresh appointments can only be made in the place of the present members who are named in it. The creation of Sub-Commissioners is indeed left free, and their remuneration is optional; but it is expressly provided that the power of hearing appeals shall not be delegated to them. An amending Bill would therefore be necessary, and, to use the mildest possible language, it is not quite certain that this Bill

would have a very rapid passage, even if the Government sacrificed everything else to it. It certainly would be made use of by the Irish members for obstructive purposes, and it possibly would not be allowed to pass by the Opposition without the whole question of the conduct of the actual Sub-Commissioners being thoroughly thrashed out. Meanwhile the appeals would go on steadily accumulating, and by the time the second Commission was ready to work, the block in the two would be as bad as the present block in the one, or even worse. For it must be remembered that the slowness with which appeals proceed is no fault of the Commissioners, but the reverse. They cannot act without the evidence of proper valuers; and proper valuers, unlike the Sub-Commissioners in their recent absurd proceedings, cannot ascertain the value of a farm by jumping one of its ditches, sticking a spade into any corner which the tenant chooses to point out, and hearing the evidence of the next-door neighbour (whose own case comes on next week) as to what he thinks a fair rent. Not only must these valuers have time, but they are not themselves to be had in unlimited numbers for the purpose. Lord Donoughmore may or may not be right in saying that there are many who would gladly serve if they were properly paid. It is tolerably certain that an official valuer who valued fairly would, in the present state of feeling in Ireland, be exposed to a good deal of obloquy and to some danger. There are men, no doubt, who care very little for either; but the supply of them, when they possess at the same time the ability, the experience, and the reputation needed, is not likely to be inexhaustible. We are very far from arguing against the multiplication of Head Commissioners, though it might possibly be a better plan would not be to increase the number of the present Commission, so that a quorum of it might sit at once in more places than one, rather than to appoint separate courts. But it is as well to point out that the difficulties of the case are not at once done away with by sanctioning such an increase and voting the money.

There is, however, another and, as it seems to us, infinitely better way of remedying the block—a way the adoption of which does not preclude the consideration later of the advisableness of strengthening the Court of Final Appeal. This is to take a little more trouble about the Courts of First Instance, their composition, and their procedure. At present it is not too much to say that the first hearing of the majority of cases is rather worse than no hearing at all. As the landlord's counsel urged at Belfast on Monday, a decision of the Sub-Commissioners at present is generally, if not always, a decision given without reasons, governed by no written or understood principles, destitute of any ground which may enable the person aggrieved to know whether he has a chance or not of getting it reversed. Under these circumstances no landlord who is not conscious of having been a reckless oppressor, or who is not utterly disabled by poverty from continuing the game, is likely to forego the chance of "taking Miss," as they would probably say themselves in Ireland—of having at least two tries instead of one with those unknown cards, the principles of the Irish Land Commission. When a man has from a fourth to a half of his gross income at stake, and is smarting under the feeling of undeserved wrong (and it is quite certain from the Report of the Bessborough Commission that this is the state of mind of most Irish landlords just now), he is certain to appeal. But if the Court of First Instance were composed of men commanding the respect of their fellows; if their method of proceeding was painstaking and equitable; if the principles upon which they went were justly and carefully framed, openly announced, and rigidly adhered to, this kind of gambling would not indeed cease altogether, but it would be diminished in a remarkable degree. Instead of sixty per cent. of appeals, there would probably not be twenty; and instead of each case requiring not so much rehearsing as hearing for the first time, which is the case at present, the points to be considered on appeal would be few, would be capable of being handled and discussed in a short time, and, when settled, would probably in reality serve as guides in other cases. At present this is impossible. Now, therefore, that Mr. Forster has gone back to Ireland, the very best thing that he can do will be to devote himself to the proceedings of the Sub-Commissioners. Some of them have disqualified themselves already from serving any longer because of the certainty that every decision of theirs will be appealed against, unless the victim's spirit is utterly crushed or his purse and credit hopelessly exhausted. These persons, whom it is not necessary to name, have publicly proclaimed themselves partisans, and as such are unfitted *ipso facto* for their office. But there are other cases in which the fault is simply an apparent ignorance of the range and nature of the powers to be exercised. Thus, for instance, in one of the cases most recently reported a Sub-Commission (in opposition, it is fair to say, to the protest of one of its members) actually reduced the rent of a large farm by one-fourth, to the very sum named by the tenant, and after no examination whatever, because the landlord's counsel declined to produce evidence on the subject, alleging that the tenant, having sub-let, was deprived of the benefit of the Act. For such a manner of administering justice no other word can be found but monstrous. So long as Sub-Commissioners are let loose with secret instructions, or with none at all, so long as they are underpaid, chosen from sympathizers with one side only, and allowed to give vent unreproved to doctrines as wild as those of any Continental Socialist, things of this sort will happen. So long as things of this sort happen the Court of Appeal will be choked with impossible lists of causes, and the first hearings before the Sub-Commissioners will be practically inoperative, except to ex-

cite hopes in the peasantry, which even a very small proportion of reversals on appeal will change into the bitterest and most dangerous resentment. As to the possibility of wholesale confirmation, that is a contingency which, as the Commissioners have as yet done nothing to forfeit the title of men of honour, it is unnecessary at present to discuss.

THE ART OF PLUCK FOR SCHOOLS.

MR. J. H. RAVEN, who contributes to the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, under the modest title of "More Diversions of a Pedagogue," an article which admirably illustrates the Horatian maxim of *miscuit utile dulci*, is, we believe, Head-Master of the Grammar School at Beccles, and was formerly Assistant-Master at Haileybury. He may therefore be presumed to speak from personal experience as well in the estimate he has formed of the value of classical studies—which appears to us a very just one—as in the marvellous but transparently genuine supplement he has provided to the almost proverbial collection of blunders in *The Art of Pluck*, whereof the intelligent reader will be constrained to observe, *Credo quia incredibile*. Mr. Raven is evidently familiar with boy-nature, in its weakness and its strength, and, as every schoolmaster worth his salt must be, is heartily interested in his pupils and his work, and feels convinced that the quality of education, like that of mercy, "blesses him that gives and him that takes." "There is in it," he adds, "a *quid pro quo* of considerable value, to be derived not only from the diversions, many and various, which play hours and school hours afford, but also from the contemplation of British schoolboys' many various and good points. . . . They are open and generous, good-tempered in spite of much to try the temper, very affectionate both to persons and places, at home and at school, forgiving everything in their pastors and masters except partiality and injustice, and at bottom, if they can be induced to reflect, kind-hearted and considerate." And accordingly "that pedagogue is less adorned with graces than average English boys, who cannot say of them, 'with all their faults I love them still.'" It is, however, the intellectual rather than the moral characteristics of schoolboys with which we are here directly concerned, though of course the two, as Mr. Raven points out, are closely connected; that natural conservatism of principle, *e.g.*, which all who know anything about them will not have failed to recognize has an obvious bearing on their school work and on their blunders, as he shows by some amusing examples. On the earlier portion of the paper, which states forcibly the practical reasons for preserving to classics and mathematics—the former especially—the supremacy they still happily retain, and do not seem likely to lose, in the work of school education, we need not dwell at length here. It is neatly summed up in the remark that "the conscientious and experienced pedagogue is very loth to sacrifice that which gives him the best grip of a boy's mind—that he will not give up *lessons* in favour of *lectures*," and for lessons, as distinguished from lectures, the study of languages and mathematics affords much greater scope than science, or even history and geography, which "evaporate into lectures, admirably suited to eager and attentive pupils, but quite unfitted for the great majority of English boys, who"—unlike Masters Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford—"are uninterested and inattentive by nature, and to whom language, literature, history, mathematics, science, are all equally boring." And in schools, as elsewhere, you cannot legislate for exceptions, while on the other hand the system which is proved to be best suited for grappling with the unthinking majority will also serve admirably to improve and sharpen the intellects of the more gifted and thoughtful few. We believe the writer is correct in his seeming paradox that many boys can get on pretty well with Latin and Greek who are too stupid to do English. The conjugations, declensions, inflections, and rules of syntax, which are wanting in the one case, compel their attention in the other. To the popular but shallow objection that surely an English boy would feel and understand more of his own language than of a dead tongue, we have an answer from experience which would form a not unfitting preface to the new "Art of Pluck." Gray's *Elegy* is both a touching and a sufficiently simple poem alike in wording and ideas. But here is a description given of it in a theme by a boy who had been reading it in school during the term, but appears to have neither felt nor understood it:—

"Gray's *Elegy* is all written in four-lined verses; it rimes from the first line to the fourth. Gray's *Elegy* consists of thirty-two verses; it begins with the parting of day, and goes on telling us all what happened when day is departing, when ploughman homeward plods his weary way, and leaves the world to Darkness and to me. Then in small print at the bottom of the page it gives you the meaning of all the difficult words, and explains them to you in such a way that you cannot help understanding them."

The real question in short, as has often been urged before, is whether boys are sent to school primarily to be crammed with "useful knowledge" or to be taught how to acquire it—whether our main object should be to educate or to instruct them. And for educational purposes most schoolmasters will probably agree with Mr. Raven that to acquire a knowledge, however limited and imperfect, of Latin and Greek, is of the highest value. We may be thankful therefore that "the intensely stupid custom of teaching grammar to children" has not yet been abandoned, though a popular writer of the day has had the hardihood to affirm that "our classical training is more aptly calculated to destroy the qualities of good writing and fine speaking than any other system

that could have been contrived." On that point, however, which has more than once been discussed in our columns, we have not space to enter further here.

The inherent conservatism of boy nature has already been referred to. Another and hardly less marked characteristic of boys is their literalness and matter-of-fact way of going to work, with a strong distaste for "show-off" which by no means necessarily implies stupidity, but is apt sometimes to lead to very odd mistakes. This tendency is conspicuous in the subjoined treatment of the plural in Ovid's description of the Scythians, *Arcent mala frigora braccis*, "They keep off bad colds by means of wearing breeches"; and again, in construing *Si torrens jecur queris idoneum*, "If you want to roast a liver properly." There must however have been a rather painful absence of poetical aspiration in the youth who thus unfeelingly travestied the touching story of the loves of Hero and Leander:—

Leander was a young man, who was in love with a young woman, and between them was a large piece of water, so that if he wished to see her he would have to cross it; so he resolved to swim it. He reached the opposite shore all safe, but in coming back the journey was too long, the tide very strong, and he got the cramp and was drowned.

Nor is it easy to recognize the predominance of the common sense, or indeed of any generic type of schoolboy mind, in the remarkable achievement of the Australian boy who came once, for too brief a period, under Mr. Raven's fostering care. But the story is too good not to be put on record here:—

I have only once come across a boy able, without being taught, to take a really comprehensive view of languages, and to see that English, French, and Latin are to a great extent capable of being treated as one and the same tongue. He was a wild youth, from the sheep-runs of Australia, and perhaps travel had done something towards forming the breadth of his views. He came in the middle of the term, and being quite innocent of anything except reading, writing, and arithmetic, was set down at once to the elements of French and Latin. Unfortunately I did not explain to him that at different hours he was supposed to be doing different work, and that English, French, and Latin would be brought before his notice separately. He spent five or six weeks working on his own system without letting us perceive the theory he held; and when the examination at the end of the term came on, then he astonished our weak minds. The following, word for word and letter for letter, was his Latin exercise:—

"The just man"—*Le pitietest ponto*.
 "The beautiful girl"—*La pitietest felia*.
 "The long war"—*La grand war*.
 "Old men are surly"—*Fonno curant morsuly*.
 "That city is very beautiful"—*J'ai cunitt est petest*.
 "They will have been advised by Cicero"—*Araut habent been moniter by Cicero*.

In the Latin grammar paper he was required to decline *qui*. Not being familiar with that pronoun, he selected from the English language a word which seemed to have some affinities with it—"quickly." To this he added a miscellaneous lot of Latin inflections, and the result was this—*Quicklya, quicklye, quicklyorum, quicklye, quicklye, quicklya*. He was once required to spell the word *gymnasium*. An adherence to his comprehensive system may be traced in his effort, which was this—*gynnmegyunnasey room*.

We may perhaps include in the same "comprehensive" or "semi-philosophical" category—which however is not a very common one among boys—the pupil who, being confronted with the dual *ἑρως*, while either forgetful or unaware of the absence of a first person in that number, produced "I two am" as the nearest approach to a correct translation he could hit upon. Scripture speaks, though not with commendation, of "a double-minded man," but it was certainly a bold venture in experimental psychology—to say nothing of etymology—to construe *ἑξοχον ἀνδρά* "a man with six minds." But a narrow and literal rather than a too ideal appreciation of the requirements of the case—complicated sometimes by an over-hasty application of phonetic principles of spelling—is a far more frequent source of error, as in the rendering of "We know the gods are on our side" by *Scimus deos citra esse*, or the translation of *Rex perforaculo concessit*, "the king yielded to the augur"—*perforaculum* being Englished in *Smith's Dictionary* by "augur or gimlet." The same practical temper exemplified in the estimate, quoted just now, of the use of Scythian breeches reappears in the rendering of *Non tibi sunt integra* : :a, "You have not fresh linen," where the danger of catching cold is again suggested. Not unfrequently some vague similarity of sound is suffered to obscure the nicer distinctions at once of orthography and sense. We have heard *Sociorum assuenscitis mensis* construed "Accustom yourselves to the manners of society." There was perhaps better *primâ facie* excuse for the still bolder method of rendering, on general principles, *Mane ruunt portis* : :usquam mora, adopted by a pupil of Mr. Raven's, "In the morning they rush forth from the gates; manners are nowhere"; but we hardly know how to excuse or classify the young gentleman from the Isle of Man who made *tres gravissimi historici* into "three very grievous hysterics." Everybody is familiar with the derivation of curmudgeon "from *cœur* 'unknown,' and *méchant* 'a correspondent.'" The following story illustrates a precisely similar misuse of the dictionary:—

Boy (translating). "Otia tuta, safe plins."
 Master. "Safe what?"
 Boy. "Safe plins, sir."
 Master. "What are plins?"
 Boy. "A kind of fish, sir."
 Master (aware that there may be more things in heaven and earth and sea than are dreamt of in his philosophy). "Where do you find that?"
 Boy. "In my dictionary, sir."
 Master. "Let me see it," (reading from the book), "Otia, a kind of fish, Plin."

But it is only fair to remember that this is no peculiar sin of

boyhood, since the grave editor of a once famous Greek Testament has been known to acknowledge his obligations to various German critics, "including that copious writer, Professor Ebend," much after the fashion of the child who was perplexed at the number of Miss Spinners whose banns were read out every Sunday.

There are a good many methods of construing, partly grounded on a misapplication of common sense, partly of phonetic, partly of other conjectural principles, which can hardly be comprehended under any narrower generalization than what may be termed in approved scholastic phraseology the *σχῆμα πρὸς τὸ σημαίνεσθαι*, or *Anglice* "taking shots." This method of dealing with a passage the real meaning of which he has either failed or neglected to ascertain, has the advantage of offering an ingenious youth the amplest scope for the most various exhibitions of originality. Sometimes these "guesses at truth" are based on a novel combination of Greek and Latin terminology, as when *πεῖμα ὄξυ* is rendered "swift rumour," sometimes on a happy superiority to petty distinction of words not wholly dissimilar, as in the rendering of *σκοτία δ' ἐν' ὄσσοισι νύξ ἐφάρπει* by "dark night is creeping over my bones." There is perhaps less excuse for the unconscious humour of translating *tripodas geminos* "three-footed twins," or *age, fare vicissim*, "Come, tell me for the twentieth time." And the boy must be either wholly destitute of any sense of humour or fully possessed with the not uncommon schoolboy conviction that Latin and Greek authors could not be expected to talk sense, who construed *Labienus nudo capite in equo versabatur*, "Labienus was riding about on his horse's bare head." We are afraid the *argumentum a baculo* would be the only adequate correction for the perverse monstrosity of converting *medus juvenum* into "middle-aged youths," and *ignari sumus* into "the height of ignorance." As for the Cambridge undergraduate who translated *Domestico vulnere ictus, filium anno ante natum amisit*, "having been bitten by a tame fox, he lost his son a year before he was born," we can only presume that he hails from the Emerald Isle. It must not however be imagined that this comprehensive method of taking shots, with its manifold subdivisions, is by any means confined to the construing of Latin and Greek. It has its historical, critical, and even its Scriptural varieties, all of which are judiciously commingled in the following answer to a question about the Venerable Bede. "The Venerable Bede was a historian, known in his own days, from his extreme antiquity, as Adam Bede." The boy who gave the following answer to a question about the difference between a strong and a weak verb must clearly have been "father to the [Oxford] man" who distinguished a theorem, as "a thing you have to prove," from a problem, which "you are to prove, if you can."

Ans. "You use a weak verb when you are not quite sure of the truth of what you say; but you use a strong verb when you are perfectly sure, and wish to be emphatic."

As to the youth who opined that "Hezekiah was a pious man, but he had a very weak heart"; and the other who—getting rather mixed in his pronouns—opined that "a deacon then was a very different thing to what it is now, he was a kind of sexton, and looked after the church"—they do but exemplify the school divinity papers of all ages and all schools. But a bolder note is struck in such passages as this, which we agree with Mr. Raven in thinking rather rough on Walt Whitman:—

English poetry consists of lines put together so that they come in rhyme, and have the same number of syllables in each line; but there is another kind of poetry called prose, which has lines of different lengths, and different numbers of syllables in each line.

Or take, again, the following from a theme on assassination:—

Assination is an awful crime, and if not found out during the assassin's life, he will meet his reward some day. The last assination which has been committed is of a very awful description, committed by some Nihilists on the Czar of Russia.

Or this new version of an ancient tragedy:—

Orestes, Alcmæon, and Œdipus, were the three mothers of Thebes; he was born by Œdipus, who afterwards killed her husband; they were all matricides.

We are not told whether the same ingenious theorist is responsible for the three following replies, but the author of the third at least deserves to be held in perpetual remembrance. He evidently looked on the *Cloaca Maxima* as a place of amusement to which a select number of the upper ten had tickets of admission for Sundays.

Q. "In what other phrase in the Old Testament does the word 'ark' occur besides the Ark of the Tabernacle?" A. "Archangel." Q. "What was a satyr?" A. "A Roman nymph." Q. "Who at Rome wore the *Latus Clavus*?" A. "Those who had the right of admission to the *Cloaca Maxima*."

It is true that the boys who habitually perpetrate and listen to these grotesque effusions do not keenly appreciate the unconscious humour which provokes the mirth of their teachers; a fine sense of humour is not usually their forte. As Mr. Raven observes, a bodily slip or accident of a schoolfellow or a master, or still better, some chance allusion to the name or nickname of one or other of them, is far surer to elicit a genuine burst of merriment. But Mr. Raven's excellent stories, which are not inventions, may serve some further purpose than the mere amusement of his readers, whether young or old, by suggesting to a certain class of educational theorists that the average schoolboy is not possessed with that eager desire for knowledge and thirst for abstract truth which their *a priori* schemes of reform presuppose and ascribe to him.

Such for instance is the doctrinaire assertion, which has been propounded with a sort of oracular infallibility, and has in some quarters been acted upon, that grammar is not the stepping-stone but the finishing instrument. Mr. Raven tells us that in the matter of Greek he has seen the results of this innovation as applied to decidedly intelligent pupils, "results simply deplorable and irremediable." The old saying, *non multa sed multum*, too apt at the present day to be forgotten or ignored, is one the importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate in the education of youth.

THE SEA-SIDE OUT OF SEASON.

IN our time doctors have happily given up prescribing many of the disagreeable remedies which tormented our forefathers. At the beginning of the present century men were made to part with some of their blood at certain seasons of the year, as regularly as they parted with their tithes, their taxes, or their rents. Children were dosed with powders until the very name of jam recalled odious associations; congestion of the lungs was punished with cruel fly-blisters, and coughs were exorcised with nauseating emulsions. There was scarcely a food or a drink which did not connect itself in the mind with some physis with which it had been mixed, or after which it had been taken; from the "something good" of childhood to the "cooling medicine" of later years, medicinal tortures haunted the life of man, woman, and child. Fortunately most of these things are in a great measure affairs of the past, and the horrible drugs which used to make life miserable are now regarded as medical superstitions of past ages; but, although doctors in these days let us off with tonics and mineral waters instead of punishing us with abominations which modern "vets" would hesitate to administer to dogs, they still fondly cling to one time-honoured method of torture. Have a cold, a fever, or an attack of gout, or let your wife be indisposed, or your children measly, and your family physician is certain to pronounce your doom in those terrible words—"the sea."

A week at the sea-side, in season or out of season, whether convenient or inconvenient, whether you like it or do not like it, is warranted to do wonderful things unattainable by any other means. It will "completely set you up," it will remove all danger of infection, it will "blow away" the illness which is keeping your boy from school, or it will re-establish your wife's health upon a thoroughly satisfactory footing. You may flinch under the sentence, and spades, buckets, bad cooking, and even the possibility of insect pests, may flash before your terrified imagination; but there is no help for it; your fate is sealed, and you must bear it as best you can. After all, a week is but a short time, and you will arm yourself with books which you have long wished for opportunities to read. You will enjoy the sunsets over the sea, and you will be free from callers and people who "wish to see you." We will not dwell upon the well-known features of an English watering-place in the height of its season. These horrors have been described but too often. We merely propose to notice a few of the characteristics of ordinary sea-side towns at those odd times at which the weakness of the flesh and the superstitions of doctors occasionally oblige family men to visit them.

The unpacking of one's belongings in a sea-side lodging-house is in itself a severe bodily mortification. Whether one has servants to help one or not, it is sufficiently disagreeable work. But the first breath of sea air on the shore is pleasant enough, even in cold spring or winter weather, and one soon begins to feel in good humour both with one's self and the world. If the evening happens to be clear and fine, the sunset alone seems to be sufficient reward for all the trouble of coming to the sea, and when dinner-time arrives, comparatively homely fare is enjoyed with an unwonted relish. The fresh wind on the shore has made one sleepy, and an early adjournment to bed is a very agreeable conclusion to our first day on the coast. After a good night in a moderately comfortable bed, we wake in excellent spirits; but we scarcely feel so jovial if the too common parasites of sea-side lodging-houses have disturbed our rest. It is not encouraging to find the child which one has brought to the sea in delicate health, with a swollen face and a feverish skin, after a sleepless night embittered by bites and stings. After breakfast we all naturally go down to the sea, without exactly knowing why or wherefore, and we gaze at the incoming or receding waves, and turn over with our walking sticks rankly smelling pieces of seaweed. The only occupants of the shore at this time of year, besides ourselves, are a few coast-guardsmen, who seem to spend their time staring seaward, as if momentarily expecting to see a fleet of ships bearing a hostile army to invade our shores. We congratulate ourselves that the place is so empty, and imagine the horrors of excursion trains and daily steamboats disgorging their hundreds of noisy human beings. We rejoice as we look at the smooth and unbroken expanse of virgin sand, and contrast it with the state of things in the height of the season, when scores of drapers' shopmen will be rampaging about on hired hacks, and hundreds of children will be messing the place with wooden spades. Even from our windows we can enjoy the sublime solitude of the wild coast, without its being broken by a crowd of snobs swaggering on the esplanade. Above all there are no demons grinding away on barrel-organs before the house at breakfast-time, nor is the solemn roar of the sea mocked during the day by the harsh trumpings of German bands. We can walk on the beach without being tormented to hire a boat, nor

are we urged to get into a bathing-machine whether we do or do not wish to bathe.

As we wander along by the sad sea waves, we rejoice at our happy fortune in having the whole place to ourselves; but the thought suddenly occurs to us that this is our only cause for self-congratulation, and the longer we stay, the more confirmed we become in this opinion. Gradually, but surely, our ecstasy at being the only occupants of the often overcrowded bay turns into disgust at being the only exiles in this wilderness of dulness. The long rows of unoccupied lodging-houses, the shuttered shops, the empty pier stretching out into the sea, the closed pavilion, the batteries of bathing-machines drawn high and dry upon the beach, the locked and barred camera-obscura, and the long but deserted esplanade, seem to exist simply to mock us. If there were none of these things it would not be so bad; but while they effectually prevent us from fancying ourselves on a wild and retired sea-coast, they are dismally suggestive of a city of the dead. There is an atmosphere of perpetual Sunday of the most objectionable type about the whole thing, and we soon become so weary of the monotony of pacing up and down between the rows of empty white houses and the shipless sea, that we begin to think we could almost reconcile ourselves to the appearance of an excursion train from a large manufacturing town, or a steamboat crowded with holiday-makers and bands of music. Even a Bank Holiday itself, with all its terrible accompaniments, would be endurable, and we think we might possibly bear seeing a party of galloping snobs with equanimity. However intellectual and agreeable husbands and wives may be, their conversation is apt to slacken when alone by the sea-side, and the moaning of the waves is more conducive to low spirits and drowsiness than to sparkling wit and brilliant ideas. It is according to regulation to spend all one's time out of doors at the sea, and perhaps watering-place lodgings are not very inviting places for study or reflection; we therefore get little reading or writing done, although we are destitute of employment on the shore. According to the well-known Irish bull, we seem to have nothing to do, and no time to do it in.

But our weary hours are not destined to be entirely spent in the open air. We have not to wait long before a wet day keeps us indoors. A regular battery of hail drives against the window-panes, and there is a whistling draught in the ill-fitting casement. None of the arm-chairs or sofas are comfortable, and a square table with a loose red cloth upon it is a bad substitute for the comfortable study-table to which we are accustomed. The room teems with wonders of the deep which our children have brought from the shore. There are shells out of which sand has been spilled among our books and papers; there is a dried starfish upon the writing-table, and a huge piece of strong-smelling sea-weed has been hung up in a corner for meteorological purposes. One of the youngsters has secured a marine treasure which we might aptly describe in the words of a servant in a popular novel who was speaking of something of his master's. "What it was," said the servant, "I do not know. What it did, I do know. - It stank." Nobody seems able to settle down to do anything. The wind is howling, the girls are quarrelling, and the boy is whistling a popular air. Reading is out of the question, writing still more so; the time hangs wearily, and we wish we had never come to this health-restoring watering-place. On the first fine day we try an expedition to the most celebrated lion of the neighbourhood, which, likely enough, is a modern church, noted for the large sum of money laid out on its building. We are dragged drearily thither in one of those nondescript pony carriages peculiar to sea-side watering-places. The verger drones through his mechanical description, and sings the praises of the rich nobleman for whose glory the shrine was erected. As we return towards the sea the long line of houses reappears, and we feel as if we were being taken back to prison. The place becomes more and more unendurable. Frequent change of table-cloths and dinner-napkins is by no means a leading characteristic of lodging-house life, and our meals are not set before us in a particularly inviting form. Even with the assistance of our landlady, the cold beef and cold mutton reappear as if they would never be finished—looking as if they had been gnawed by a big dog. We are tired of the very sight of the tins of sardines and preserved meats, which begin to have a flavour of the cupboard. We acquire the agreeable information that the children which came to the other apartments in the house yesterday have just recovered from measles, and this suggests the consoling thought that the last occupants of our own rooms may have been convalescents undergoing purification after scarlet fever.

At last the happy day arrives when we are to return to our homes. The least unsatisfactory part of the whole affair is the bill, which, at sea-side lodgings out of the season, is usually comparatively moderate. As we travel home with our cargoes of spades, buckets, and toy-ships, we feel that we are stamped, before the world with the convict marks of sea-side imprisonment. When we have returned safely to our dwelling, we almost feel as if it were worth while to have endured the horrors and discomforts of a week at the sea-side out of season, in order to appreciate, as we now do, the comforts and luxuries of home. We may be none the better for having been at the sea, but we are certainly the better for coming home again. We do not hesitate to pay the doctor's fee in order to have the satisfaction of telling him how little benefit we derived from his favourite watering-place. But even this gratification is spoiled

when he calmly replies, "I am not surprised. You hurried away too soon. If you had stayed there another week it might have done you some good." This is surely enough to make one wish for the days of medical darkness again. We would rather bare our arm to the lancet, or submit to a course of blue pills in our own snug homes, than undergo another week at the sea.

THE SPECULATION ON THE PARIS BOURSE.

THE wild speculation which has prevailed for the past couple of years upon the French Bourse is at last awakening anxiety both at home and abroad. It is felt that it cannot go on much longer, and the feeling weighs upon all the markets of Europe. The speculation had its rise in the growth of wealth and the development of banking in France since the close of the Franco-German war. The disasters of the country in that great conflict, the destruction of capital, the heavy addition caused by it to taxation, and the general discouragement prevented France from participating in the inflation that took place elsewhere during the years 1871, 1872, and 1873; but they also saved her from the panics and crises that followed. Turning to patient labour and steady thrift to repair their losses and disasters, the French people rapidly grew more wealthy than before. In a very few years the imports and exports exceeded what they had ever been previously, and each Budget closed with a large surplus. The new system of raising loans introduced by the Emperor Napoleon had familiarized the bulk of the French people with Bourse speculations; and the admirable management of the Bank of France during the war inspired general confidence in the banking system of the country. Complete as seemed to be the paralysis of the social, industrial, and political life of France in the latter end of 1870 and the beginning of 1871, the banking system perfectly stood the test. There was no crisis, and there were no failures worth speaking of. The consequence was that the people began to avail themselves of banking facilities much more generally than they had done before. Hoarding in old stockings went almost altogether out of fashion, and every person who saved put his savings into a bank to obtain whatever interest was allowed upon them. In this way the banks soon found themselves with such superabundant deposits that they did not know what to do with them. Another circumstance increased these deposits. The success of the Republic, and the disposition shown by the Republican party to make war upon the monastic orders, induced the heads of monasteries to realize as much of their wealth as they could, and to place it in a form in which it could be easily removed from the reach of a hostile Government. Thus the deposits in the banks grew larger than the needs of the country for loanable capital. Trade was sound, but was not very active, owing to the general depression that prevailed throughout Europe, and the saving habits of the people engendered the trading classes to work largely with their own capital. Hence there was no great demand for discounts or advances from the banks, and the banks, having to pay interest on the deposits lodged with them, cast about for some means of utilizing them. They began to employ them on the Bourse, and a steady rise took place in all existing securities; but in a short time this was found an insufficient resource, and then the promotion of companies began. The first companies that came into fashion were insurance companies. For a great many years no fresh insurance companies had been started in France, and the old companies were realizing enormous profits. A whole group of insurance companies was, therefore, brought out in the end of 1879 and the beginning of 1880. They were eagerly subscribed for by the public, although the shares were offered at a high premium, and the success with which these were placed invited promoters of all kinds to come forward. Then followed institutions of credit—banks, discount houses, finance establishments, and the like; and when even the promoters began to feel that as many of these institutions as France could support had been brought forward, banks were created to develop the resources of Austria, of Hungary, of Spain, of Egypt, of Mexico, and so on. Then came shipping and other companies, and lastly followed a general rush to turn private trading firms into joint-stock companies. Even newspapers were converted into such companies. In nearly every case the companies were brought out at a premium, ranging generally from 25 to 50 per cent. A portion of the premium was set apart to form a reserve fund; but the greater part was distributed among the fortunate promoters. It will give some idea of the extraordinary growth of new companies in the last two years if we say that during the year 1880 the Bourse of Paris admitted to quotation in the official list eighty new securities, representing a total capital of 210 millions sterling, and last year there were admitted one hundred and twenty-five new securities, representing a capital of 206 millions sterling. In the two years, that is, the total capital represented by the new securities admitted to official quotation amounted to 416 millions sterling, or more than twice the indemnity exacted by Germany from France. Of course the whole of this vast sum was not subscribed, but the fact that the quotations were so large is sufficient evidence of the mania which has prevailed during the past two years.

Meanwhile, the rise of existing securities went on. The general public showed itself at first disinclined to follow the banks in the speculation initiated by them. But after a while the rapid rise of

security after security induced others to follow the banks. And then there came a rush, in which almost everybody in France seemed to have lost his head, and hoped to make a fortune by speculating on the Bourse. Owing to the system of borrowing introduced by the Emperor Napoleon, Bourse operations are more familiar to the lower classes in France than in this country. Consequently, almost every one who had saved a few shillings speculated, and more particularly was this the case with the peasants. The speculation of the peasants bore chiefly upon the Rentes, and the Five Per Cents. in consequence rose at one time to 120, or 20 per cent. above par, although the stock was liable to conversion at a lower rate of interest at any moment. But a more eager class of speculators than any of the old ones now appeared. After the fall of Marshal MacMahon the nobility, both old and new, seem to have turned their attention from politics to the Bourse. More particularly has this been shown in the case of the Union Générale. This institution was started at the beginning of the company-promotion mania. The shares are 20*fr.* each, with 5*fr.* paid, and of course they were brought out at a premium. They rose rapidly, until the 20*fr.* share, with 5*fr.* paid, was actually quoted at 120*fr.* The Union Générale is an especially Catholic bank, and is ardently supported by the clerical and aristocratic party, who have lodged deposits to large amounts with it, and have steadily bought up its shares at high prices. On the other hand, it is said that the Jews have been as persistent opponents of the bank, and that they have attempted to depress the price of its stock by selling shares which they did not possess. They have, however, found in the speculators opposed to them as shrewd people as themselves; for it is reported in Paris that the losses of the Jews have been enormous. Having sold shares which they did not possess, and being unable in many cases to obtain them at any price, they have been obliged to pay whatever fines for breach of contract the buyers chose to impose upon them. But the shares of older institutions than the Union Générale have run up in the same manner. The shares of the Bank of France itself, for instance, in the course of the past year rose from 3,680 francs to 5,700; and, indeed, at one time actually went as high as 6,500 francs. Suez Canal shares rose from 1,275 francs to 3,350, and the shares of the Northern Railway of France rose from 1,730 francs to 2,280. These are only a few of the instances that might be mentioned, but perhaps they are the most remarkable. It need hardly be said that the speculators who bought so rashly and in such immense numbers were not able to pay for what they purchased. They trusted to their brokers to obtain for them from the banks loans to enable them to carry on the operation until they could sell at a still higher price to some other purchaser, who in his turn borrowed in the same way, and hoped to sell again with a profit. The banks which had begun the speculation readily gave all the facilities in their power to those concerned; and for a long time the interest charged was wonderfully moderate, and everything touched by the speculators turned to gold. At last, however, the loans began to grow so enormous that even the banks with their immense deposits were unable to meet the demand upon them. Then there were formed special banks for the express purpose of lending to speculators from one settlement to another at very high rates of interest. Yet even this addition to the funds at the disposal of the Bourse was not found sufficient, and then the interest charged to the speculators rose to such a height that the more prudent capitalists were tempted to sell out, and from speculators to become lenders of money to their more reckless competitors. The engagements thus incurred have now reached a point at which it seems impossible that the movement can be sustained. Apparently all the money available for lending on the Bourse is already lent, and the rates charged have become so exorbitant that the more prudent lenders are beginning to withdraw. When a man lends at 35 or 40 per cent., he knows that he is running a formidable risk, and those who do not choose to incur that risk are leaving the business to persons less cautious than themselves. When things have come to this point, the fate of the speculators does not seem doubtful. They hold at prices so absurdly inflated that nobody can seriously expect to receive even a moderate return upon the money invested, and therefore it is not probable that any real investors will take these stocks off their hands; while the chance of other speculators coming in to take their place does not appear very great with the rates now prevailing.

It seems probable, therefore, that a collapse cannot be much longer postponed; but what form the collapse will take is more difficult to say. There are some who expect a panic such as we are too familiar with here in London, and such as was seen in 1873 both in New York and in Vienna. Others, however, maintain that a crash of that kind is impossible in Paris; that the whole organization of the market there is so different that a panic is utterly unlikely to occur, and that what we may really expect to see is a slow and painful liquidation in which great numbers of persons, no doubt, will become bankrupt, and a still larger number will suffer heavy losses, but in the course of which there will be no general break-down of credit. Experience alone can decide which of these views is the more correct. But in any event it seems evident that the speculation has nearly run its course, and that in some form or other it must be brought to an end. In the meantime, so long as the expectation of a collapse prevails there is necessarily much anxiety in all countries closely connected in Bourse operations with Paris.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

IT is perhaps more to be wondered at that those who are responsible for the yearly winter exhibitions at Burlington House should succeed so well as they do, on the whole, in keeping the exhibitions up to the mark than that occasionally, as this year, there should seem to be a certain falling off in the absolute quantity of the best work that is shown upon the walls. The present exhibition is less rich in this way than some that have preceded it; but there is no doubt a certain advantage in not having too much to look at and take in at a time.

The first gallery is devoted to the English school; and in it the attention is likely to be arrested by Gainsborough's portrait of Miss Clarges (6), the silvery tone and fine treatment of which illustrate the painter's method the better because of the evident simplicity and absence of straining at effect which characterize the work. Above it hangs a strong and solid work of Romney's, the portrait of Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Campbell, K.B. (4). Two landscapes by Calcott (3 and 7) may be advantageously compared, the first being somewhat Claude-like in composition and feeling, the second bearing marks of Gainsborough's influence. A sea-piece by Cotman (14), with waves full of movement and transparency, and with a lowering sky broken by a gleam of sunshine falling on a boat in the foreground, is as fine as any picture of the kind that we remember. Gainsborough's portraits of his wife (12) and of his daughter (49) are excellent specimens of his work. In the latter it is curious to note in the painting of the exquisitely moulded mouth the extreme simplicity of the painter's method. Amongst the best specimens of Reynolds in the Gallery are the portrait of Sheridan (17), and of Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough, and her daughter, Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill (46). The first portrait is extremely bright, life-like, and full of a humorous intelligence, the mouth being especially characteristic, and it is a pleasant contrast to the caricatures by which Sheridan's face is perhaps best known. The second portrait is charming, particularly as regards the natural grace of the child's attitude. One of Turner's curious freaks, executed in imitation of Rembrandt, is exhibited in "The Unpaid Bill; or, the Doctor Reproving his Son's Prodigality" (30). Not the least odd thing about this picture is its title, and the oddness is not decreased by the fact that, according to the late Mr. Thornbury's list in his *Life of Turner*, the picture was first exhibited in 1808 under the same title, except that the word *dentist* was employed instead of *doctor*. What a dentist should have to do with all the retorts and alembics, amongst which an electrical machine is thrust, that cover great part of the canvas; why the figure which, according to the Catalogue, represents the dentist's or doctor's wife should be in a curious sort of evening dress; why the son should hold a crumpled letter in his hand behind his back—all these things seem hard to explain, and perhaps their best explanation may be found in the fact that the picture is a kind of whimsicality. Another Turner, "Autumnal Morning" (41), is an unusually happy specimen of the painter's landscape composition. The bend of the river suggests a fanciful reminiscence of the view from Richmond Hill, and in the foreground is an altar, supporting a lyre, which is crowned "by a female figure, while other female figures dance round." The altar is inscribed with the name of Thomson, a poet from whom Turner was especially fond of quoting, and whose connexion with Richmond is known. The gallery contains also some Wilkies, among them "The Card Players" (34), some good specimens of Wilson and Constable, and some Morlands which serve to illustrate the painter's curious versatility.

In the Second Gallery one of the earliest pictures is a "Marriage Feast at Cana" (55) by Jane Steen, which is perhaps, as might be expected, more curious and characteristic than pleasing; and near it is a fine Cuypp, "The Cavalier" (53), which is full of light and atmosphere. Two good instances of Mierevelt's strength and skill are found in the portraits of a man and a woman (60, 67), and there is a small landscape by Paul Potter (69), which is wonderful for its light and freshness. Cuypp's small picture, called "The Princess of Orange (?) with a Goat" (72), looks as if it might have been a suggestion or study for the larger picture of a similar subject which was exhibited some few years ago. Rubens is splendidly represented by the "Young Lion" (77), which is astonishingly full of life, movement, and force. Two Hobbemas (62, 80) seem a trifle black and heavy. "The Head of a Man" (99), by Rembrandt, is as magnificent a sketch as one could wish to see. In another Rembrandt (101), which is catalogued, with a very necessary query, as a Holy Family, there is a very striking candle-light effect. The same painter's mastery of light and shade is again exhibited in the "Christ and Mary Magdalene at the Tomb" (117), lent from Buckingham Palace. The gallery contains also several specimens of Teniers, of varying merit; an exquisitely painted Metsu (92); and a bright and delicate instance of Van der Heyde's work (58), to which the figures were contributed by Van de Velde. There are three portraits by Frank Hals, of which two (87, 107) are said to be what the German guide-book, quoted by Mr. Mark Twain, set down as "self-portraits." The former of these, if not in the painter's finest and most scholarly style, is at any rate full of life and character, and has every air of being an excellent portrait. It is perhaps noteworthy that in the third (123), which is catalogued as "Portrait of a Man," and which is perhaps more a sketch than a picture, we find the pose and expression of the first almost reproduced. In the smaller work there is no

moustache, and there is some difference of feature between the two, but at the same time there is what strikes us as a decided resemblance. Such a resemblance is, of course, capable of bearing two or three explanations, between which visitors to the gallery may make their choice according to their inclinations.

In Gallery No. III. commanding positions are occupied by three important works of Sir Joshua Reynolds—"Charity" (129), "The Death of Dido" (131), and "Fortitude" (132). Of the three we greatly prefer "Charity," which is remarkable alike in feeling, in colour, and in composition. Here, much more than in the corresponding "Fortitude," the painter seems to have had his heart in his work, which is instinct with tenderness and poetry. "Fortitude" is far more conventional and forced, though it has a certain dignity and impressiveness. In "The Death of Dido" it seems obvious that the painter did his best with a theme to which his feelings were hardly attuned; the care of the painting saves the picture from being otiose, but it has little evidence of inspiration or enthusiasm. Van Dyck's portrait, hard by, of Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart (126) cannot but command attention by its beauty of drawing and colouring, and its fine appreciation of expression. The "Immaculate Conception" (135), attributed to Murillo, may or may not be a studio picture, but has all the softness of Murillo's style, though it is no doubt inferior in execution to other versions by him of the same subject. More doubtful, perhaps, is the "Female Figure" (139) ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci. It may be thought that the best evidence of his handiwork here is to be found in the painting of the flowers, some of which seem unluckily to have been retouched. Close to this hang a fine portrait by Tintoretto (140), and an unusually good specimen of a classical subject, "The Triumph of Pan" (141), by Nicholas Poussin. Here the skill with which a mass of movement contained in a comparatively small space is so made out as to avoid any sense of confusion is remarkable. The Titian "Venus and Adonis" (146) is a replica of the National Gallery picture, and it might be rash to venture upon any suggestion as to how far the work may have been divided in this instance between the master and his pupil or pupils. The condition of the picture is in some ways better than that of the work in the National Gallery, but the execution is at one or two points notably careless. The Ghirlandaio Holy Family (150) is beautiful in colour and feeling; and near it there are two admirable works in portraiture—the "Venetian Lady playing a Guitar" (153), by Veronese, and the "Portrait of a Man" (155), by Pordenone. Next to this is "La Fornarina" (156), which for a long time passed for a Raffaele, but as to which the decision of the Catalogue, that it is the work of Sebastian del Piombo, is not likely to be disputed. The work is fine and striking, and has many qualities in common with the portrait of Ferry Carondelet and his Secretary (160), which is still catalogued with the name of Raffaele. A "Portrait of a Man," close to this, by Alonzo Cano, is remarkable for its dignity and sincerity. Murillo's "Old Woman and Boy" (168), which is charged with vitality and reality, may be curiously contrasted with the sacred picture above referred to. The remaining part of this gallery is chiefly occupied with pictures of the English school, and amongst them are two exceptionally fine Turners—"Pope's Villa" (175), and "Sea Coast, Hastings" (179). The second of these especially is distinguished by extraordinary truth in light and atmosphere, and by the introduction of admirably drawn and life-like figures. The group of Lady Smyth and her Children (176), by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is perhaps the finest specimen of the painter's work which this year's exhibition has to show, and is almost unrivalled in its beauty of composition and expression, accompanied by the most finished technical skill. Two Gainsboroughs—a landscape, "The Cottage Door" (172), and a portrait of A. Moysey, Esq. (173)—contrast oddly with each other so far as manner is concerned. The portrait is a curiously successful example of the possibility of giving an excellent portraiture of a figure in action, which, as Wordsworth's famous lines tell us, is momentary. We may further call attention to a beautiful portrait of Catharine Lady Rouse Boughton (170), by Romney, and a good specimen of Lawrence's work in the portrait of Dr. Charles Burney (182).

The Fourth Gallery contains several fine and interesting works, and we may begin by calling attention to the Panini (209) which occupies a striking position. "The scene," to quote the Catalogue, "represents the Piazza on the occasion of a fête given there on November 30, 1728, by the French Ambassador, the Cardinal de Polignac, to celebrate the birth of the Dauphin, son of Louis XV. Panini himself designed the fête, and painted the picture for the Cardinal, whose portrait is introduced standing in the centre. In the background may be recognized portraits of the first Pretender and his two young sons." This is the only Panini in the exhibition, and it is by no means an unworthy specimen of the painter's peculiar style. There are two Lucas Cranachs—"Lucretia" (192), and "An Old Lady" (212). The first is distinguished by extreme carefulness and oddness; the second by an obviously extraordinary fidelity and a probably unconscious humour. The "Adoration of the Magi" (193), by Quentin Matsys, is a picture full of quaint, but fine, idea and execution. The face of the "aged wise man" who kneels immediately in front of Christ, and who is depicted with a strong Jewish type of countenance, is especially striking. The curious, rather than beautiful, "Christ Mocked" (198), attributed to Holbein, has far more affinity to the work of Matsys than to that of the painter to whom the Catalogue, with a query, ascribes it. "The Raising of the Cross" (220), a triptych by Rubens, is especially interesting, as

being the original sketch for the famous altar-piece at Antwerp. There are two fine Jan Steens (238, 241); a charming Ruysdael (239); and an excellent Terburg (215).

The Fifth Gallery contains two remarkable Hogarths—the wonderfully life-like portrait of George second Earl of Macclesfield (244), who was President of the Royal Society, and took an active part in the passing of the Bill for the Reform of the Calendar, and the family group of the Graham Family (275). In this latter the skill is obvious—a little too obvious perhaps. In other words, the attitudes of the children have an affected and *posé* look. Perhaps the most natural thing in the picture is the look and attitude of the cat that watches the caged bird with an angrily covetous eye. Stothard's "Charles I. with his Children" (242) is perhaps chiefly remarkable for giving a completely dark-haired version of the King. Next to it hangs Harlow's "Trial of Queen Katherine, or the Kemble Family" (243), which is so well known by engravings that we need say no more of it. Collins's "Clovelly" (245) is noteworthy for the extraordinary ineptitude with which the painter missed the beauty of a scene the outlines of which he reproduced with sufficient accuracy. Morland's versatility is again shown in his "Hunting Scene" (267), "Wreckers" (270), and "Thunderstorm" (273). Wilkie's "School" (255) is one of the best known, as one of the best, of his pictures. Canaletto's "Building Westminster Bridge" (264) has a double interest in the excellence of the workmanship and in the view which it presents of what the part of London now called the Thames Embankment then was.

REVIEWS.

BAFFIN'S VOYAGES.*

THERE seems to be no likelihood of any waning in our day of public interest in the progress of Arctic discovery and enterprise. On the contrary, there are signs that the tide of enthusiasm, which had ebbed somewhat when the return of the latest expedition left still unsolved the central problem of Polar research, has begun to flow with renewed force in the old direction. Fresh routes and new expedients are looked to as suggesting and encouraging calculations of success, to which antecedent failures are held to oppose no insuperable bar. The recent cruise of the *Jeannette* has, indeed, ended in a disappointment, for which there is but scant compensation in the clearing up of the mystery which hung over her fate, and in the safety of a portion of her crew. The issue of Mr. Leigh Smith's gallant enterprise remains too uncertain for more than a hope that, favoured by the known exceptional openness of the Polar Sea beyond the latitude of Nova Zembla, even as far north as Franz Joseph Land, he may have boldly pushed his way, if not to the Pole itself, yet to a point from which no tidings may be looked for until he himself emerges, with the triumph of a victor, from the mysterious void. Be the future, however, of exploration and adventure in this tantalizing direction what it may, we have a real and an imperishable treasure in the records of what has been achieved by men of the same hardy and dauntless stamp. We welcome as opportune to the present crisis of uncertainty the republication, in a systematic and critical form, of the narrative of the voyages of William Baffin, now for the first time collected in a single volume, and edited with characteristic ability and ungrudging labour by Mr. Clements Markham for the Society which he has well served for years as honorary secretary. A high place in the list of our early navigators is deservedly claimed for Baffin as a daring seaman, a scientific observer, and a great discoverer. Though of a humble class of life, and only known to us during the last twelve years of his career, his previous history being an absolute blank, his name has been conspicuously stamped upon the map of the ice-world round the Pole, and the record of those few years of work tells of solid and abiding gain to the geography of a region where no foot of man had been set before.

Mr. Markham has added much to the value of his work by prefixing to it a notice of the grand old merchant adventurers who were the munificent promoters of discovery during the Elizabethan age. The names of the generous patrons who sent forth the expeditions on which he served are gratefully immortalized by Baffin, and his editor has been at great pains to make out the family history and public services of the most prominent of their number. Sir Thomas Smith—not to be confounded with his namesake and contemporary, the Public Orator of Cambridge, who, in conjunction with Okeke, brought in our insular and barbarous way of pronouncing Greek—was the second son of a Wiltshire yeoman of good descent, one of the farmers of the Queen's Customs. The eldest son, Sir John Smith, of Ostenhanger and Ashford, had for descendants the Smythes, Viscounts Strangford, now extinct, and two other sons of his, with three daughters, held good social positions. Thomas, succeeding his father as Queen's Customer, became a successful London merchant, with an estate and a large house at Sutton-at-Hone, another house at Deptford, and town houses in Philpot Lane and Gracechurch Street. As Sheriff of the City of London he was knighted by James I. in 1603, and next year was

* *The Voyages of William Baffin, 1612-1622.* Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1881.

sent on the embassy to Muscovy, an account of which is to be seen in Purchas, vol. iii. As Governor of the East India Company he induced that body to advance 500*l.* towards the discovery of the North-West Passage, sending out Captain Weymouth in search of it in 1602, and as manager of the Muscovy Company despatching Jonas Poole to Spitzbergen in 1609. On the formation, in 1612, of the Company of Merchants of London, Discoverers of the North-West Passage, Sir Thomas Smith became its first governor, gathering round him as colleagues Sir James Lancaster, the narrative of whose voyages to the East Indies forms the subject of an earlier volume of the Hakluyt series; Sir Francis Jones, one of the Queen's Customers; and Sir Dudley Digges, the representative of an eminently learned and accomplished family, his grandfather, Leonard Digges, of University College, Oxford, having been the author of several able works on geometry and land surveying, and his father, Thomas Digges, one of the foremost mathematicians of his time, remarkable as well for piety as for learning. Graduating at his father's old college, Dudley rose to distinction at the Bar, travelled, and was knighted; was sent on an embassy to Russia in 1618; entered Parliament, and with Pym, Selden, and others joined in the impeachment of the Duke of Buckingham, for which with Sir John Eliot he was committed to the Tower. He died Master of the Rolls in 1639. His fine old house still adorns the village of Chilham, in Kent, and his stately tomb in the parish church preserves the memory of one "whose death the wisest men do reckon amongst the public calamities of these times." The name of Dudley Digges has secured a more world-wide fame through being affixed to the cape on the east coast of Baffin's Bay, as that of the chief promoter of the enterprise has been immortalized by the designation of Smith's Sound.

Baffin's most immediate patron, to whom he addressed his letters, was Sir John Wolstenholme, also a farmer of Customs, of a Derbyshire family, who, having made a fortune in London, settled at Stanmore, and built the parish church there, which still has to show his handsome monument. In the same list of Arctic Merchant Adventurers was included Sir William Cockayne, called by Baffin "Alderman Cocken," Governor of the Eastland Company and also of the London Planters in Ulster. It was under his direction that Londonderry was founded. On June 22, 1616, James I. dined with him and knighted him. In 1619 he was made Lord Mayor of London, and in 1626 was buried in old St. Paul's. The list ends with Mr. Richard Ball, an eminent London merchant, whose name occurs among those to whom the first charter of incorporation of the East India Company was granted, December 31, 1600; and Mr. James Hall, a native of Hull, an able and experienced seaman, whom the wealthy Adventurers chose for the command of the expedition, wisely associating him with themselves as joint venturer. Hall had acted as chief pilot and "styrman" (the Netherlandish *stuurman*, steersman) to the ships thrice sent by Christian IV. of Denmark in search of the lost colonies of Greenland, from which Hall brought back fabulous estimates of silver ores abounding in the rocks, having mistaken for precious metal the mica that glittered on the faces of the gneissic cliffs of Greenland. It was mainly on Hall's representations that the *Patience* and the *Heart's Ease* were fitted out at Hull in 1612 by the four adventurous merchant princes, William Baffin first appearing in history as pilot on board Hall's ship the *Patience*.

Baffin is thus introduced to us as an experienced seaman in the prime of life; and his editor has been baffled in every attempt to discover even a single fact respecting his earlier history. The name is very uncommon. Colonel Chester's immense collection of parish registers and monuments extending all over the kingdom, in more than a hundred folio volumes, yields no entry of the name of Baffin at Hull; but in the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, it occurs five times between 1603 and 1612, including three deaths from the plague. In the register of St. Thomas the Apostle in the City of London, October 15, 1609, occurs the baptism of Susan, daughter of William Baffin. The Vintry Ward in which this church stands including Queenhithe, a landing-place much frequented by sailors, there is much reason for the belief that here our Arctic voyager had his home, with relations dwelling in Westminster. Baffin himself must have been constantly at sea, raising himself by his talent, energy, and good conduct from a very humble position to deserve being spoken of by Purchas as "that learned-unlearned mariner and mathematician, who, wanting art of words, so really employed himself to those industries whereof here you see so evident fruits." Yet, if a self-taught man, Baffin had so far educated himself as to be able to write letters which are not only well expressed, but graced with classical allusions. The reports of his voyages, written by himself, are simple and clear in style, and full of character, as well as of careful and accurate observation. He was engaged in five important voyages to the Arctic regions, in the first of which (1612) he explored the west coast of Greenland. The first part of the narrative of this cruise, written by John Gatonbie, quartermaster of the *Heart's Ease*, has been reprinted for this edition from Churchill's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*. It is taken up on the 8th of July by Baffin himself, this fragment of his diary having been preserved by Purchas. He begins with an account of his taking the longitude in Cockin Sound by means of lunar observations, the difficulty of which is candidly set out by him, and is in fact verified by the result, his calculations assigning to Cockin Sound, which is really in 52° 50' W., the longitude of Cape Walsingham, on the other side of Davis Strait. To him, however, belongs the credit of first having taken a lunar observation at sea. The variation of the compass

was here 23° 28' W. Upon this important phenomenon, which had been brought under the notice of mariners by Borough's work, published in 1581, and Norman's *Neuve Attractive* (1585), and worked out more fully in Gilbert's great treatise (1600), Baffin's observations are still of value. Without them, his editor justly remarks, Professor Hansteen of Christiania could not have constructed the first of his series of magnetic maps, the variation chart for 1600. The local changes in variation and declination are of the utmost importance to the study of terrestrial magnetism. At London in 1580 the variation was 11½° E., in 1818 it was 24½° W., and in 1878 it was 18½° W. The whole cycle has been put at somewhat under three hundred years. At the Cape of Good Hope there was no variation in 1608; in 1840 it was 29° W., and in 1878 it was 30° W. Greater extremes have been observed nearer the Pole. Baffin records as "a thing almost incredible, and matchless in all the world beside," a variation in Wolstenholme Sound and Sir Thomas Smith's Sound of five points or 56°, "increasing and decreasing most wonderfully, so suddenly and swift with the longitude as to be most wonderful." The tides also came in for careful observation and record. The main object of Captain Hall in pushing to the North in Baffin's ship—the glittering ore in the Greenland cliffs—was frustrated by "our goldsmith, James Carlisle, trying very much of the Ure and finding it to be nothing worth." It was simply mica.

Baffin's second voyage took him in the following year to Spitzbergen, or East Greenland, as it was called for some time after its discovery by Sir Hugh Willoughby in 1533; and in his third expedition (1614) he navigated along the same coasts, mapping the contour of the island and noting its geographical and physical characteristics. There is, however, no ground for Dr. Petermann's theory that Baffin sighted Franz Joseph Land. The journal of the third voyage is from the pen of Robert Fotherby, an experienced seaman, probably of a Grimsby family, afterwards in the service of the East India Company, to whom is also attributed the subsidiary report of Baffin's second voyage first printed by the American Antiquarian Society in 1860. The fourth voyage, recorded by Baffin himself (1615), was for the discovery of the North-West Passage. His MS. in the British Museum has been carefully collated for the present edition with the text of Purchas. The narrative is most characteristic of the writer. We are shown his way of working lunar observations, aided by the *Ephemeris* of John Searle (1609) and that of David Origanus (Frankfort, 1599), for the meridian of Wittenberg. His "Breese Journall" supplies a fairly adequate log of the four months during which the ships were away. His map of this voyage, drawn from the original in the British Museum, adds much to the interest of the record, tracing his course between Cape Comfort and Salutation Island. If Hudson's Strait was not for the first time discovered by him, Baffin's survey of it was an accurate and painstaking piece of work, to the value of which Sir Edward Parry has borne ample testimony. His great discovery was that of the bay which bears his name, which formed the glory of his fifth voyage in 1616. Owing to the ill-judged suppression by Purchas of Baffin's tabulated journal and map, strange geographical blunders arose during the next two centuries, the very existence of Baffin's Bay having been called in question. The history of this curious controversy has been ably traced by Mr. Markham with the aid of a series of five maps—that of Captain Luke Fox in 1638, one from Hexham's edition of Hondt's atlas (1636), Moll's chart of 1706, and one enlarged from Daines Barrington's circum-polar map, A.D. 1818, in which the bay is marked "not now believed." In this very same year Baffin's great discovery was made good by the researches of Ross and Parry, as laid down in the most recent of our Polar charts.

Baffin's last two voyages were undertaken in the service of the East India Company. In the second of these he was promoted to the command of the *London*, and took part in more than one naval action with the Portuguese. In the attack upon Ormuz in the Persian Gulf he was killed by a round shot, January 23, 1622. Side by side with Frobisher, Davis, and Hudson, Baffin's name deserves to stand high among the naval worthies of the seventeenth century. The Hakluyt Society has done well in finding for his writings and his services a prominent and abiding record in the series of its publications.

OLD GREEK EDUCATION.*

MR. MAHAFFY is the agreeable Rattle among professors. He always writes with animation, whereas most professors write with languor. He always speaks as the bitter enemy of "pedants," seeming to draw a line between himself and other learned persons, and to exclaim, "Here you see a man of the world, no mere Dryasdust." By virtue of these charms of manner Mr. Mahaffy has written a very lively book, chiefly on Greek education, with digressions about Irish girls, and the hall and library of the Four Courts at Dublin—"the pleasantest place in the world to visit." The book is meant to be a popular book, and does not do much to elucidate the problems over which poor pedants read themselves blind. We do not precisely see what gain the cause of education can receive from Mr. Mahaffy's work. On the whole, he seems to think more highly of English public schools than of Hellenic training, and perhaps he is right. An enemy of

* *Old Greek Education*. By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., Fell. and Tutor Trin. Coll., Dub., Knight of the Order of the Saviour. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1881.

Mr. Hannibal Chollop's averred that "the ancient Athenians went ahead of the present Locofoco ticket." Mr. Mahaffy holds that the Eton and Harrow Eleven went ahead of the ancient Athenian ticket. "The Eton and Harrow match at Lord's is a far more beautiful sight, and far better for the performers, than the boys' wrestling or running at Olympia." Here, though we agree with Mr. Mahaffy's general view of the excellence of cricket, we cannot say that he has chosen his example well. The Eton and Harrow match has degenerated into a horrible scene of gorging, where cricket is the last thing that ninety-nine out of a hundred spectators have in their minds.

Mr. Mahaffy begins his book by commenting on the leisure which the Greeks enjoyed, a "proper leisure for all intellectual training." "Were the Greeks better off in education than we are?" he asks, but, after finishing his book, we do not feel quite certain whether he thinks that the Greeks were better off or not. In fact, his later chapters become a rather rapid sketch of details, in which we lose sight of the general problem. Can we learn anything from the Greeks? This is not very important, after all, because we could not restore Greek conditions of life, even if we wished to do so. Moreover, Mr. Mahaffy's main object "is to interest men who are not classical scholars, and who are not professional educators, in the theory of education as treated by that people which is known to have done more than any other in fitting its members for the higher ends and enjoyments of life." Mr. Mahaffy does not fail to interest. But it is superfluous to repeat that from a people who lived in small city States, kept their women in seclusion, made every citizen a soldier, and did nothing all day but amuse, instruct, and enjoy themselves, modern nations can learn nothing in the practical way of life. We do not keep our women in seclusion, we do not live in small city States, and, as we have no slaves, only a few of us are able to enjoy "the blessed day-long idleness" of the Greeks.

Mr. Mahaffy enters on the practical consideration of his topic with remarks on the Homeric baby. He mentions little Astyanax, in the Iliad, who lived on marrow and mutton fat; but he omits to tell how the nurse brought in Odysseus, when a baby, at dessert. He finds no trace of measles, whooping-cough, or teething in the classics, but he does find that babies employed the ambrosial night in bawling, as they do at present. "The first shocking contrast between the Greek treatment of children and ours" was the exposing of new-born children. We wish Mr. Mahaffy had thrown a little light on this essentially savage practice. When did it come into Greek society? Homer has nothing to say of it, as far as we remember, and out of Priam's enormous family we only recollect one who was exposed, and that in obedience to an oracle. Mr. Mahaffy's reasons for believing that the custom prevailed in Greece are derived "from the free use of the idea in Greek tragedy, in the comedies of ordinary life, and in theories of political economy." Now in the tragedies, exposure is usually the result of the command of an oracle, and is always the tradition of a remote past. Of the "genteel comedy" of Greece, as Mr. Mahaffy elsewhere calls it, we understand that but few fragments are left, and we mainly know it through Roman adaptations. In these exposure is merely one of the traditional tricks of the playwright. As to theories of political economy, cold-blooded enough as they were, Mr. Mahaffy himself (p. 115) is inclined to think that "the criticism of the day" was adverse to them. Thus his evidence for the common practice of exposing children seems to shrink to very little. The tradition existed in Greece, no doubt, and no doubt the thing was occasionally done. But we cannot believe that the practice was ever as common as it has been in Hindostan, among savage races, and in China. Mr. Mahaffy, it is true, mentions a passage in which Plato makes Socrates speak of "the fury of a young mother deprived of her first infant." He gives no reference, and we do not happen to remember the text. He speaks of "the just retribution of barrenness" which fell upon the people; but surely this retribution fell chiefly on Sparta, and might be accounted for there by other causes.

Passing from babies we come to bigger children, and Mr. Mahaffy describes their pastimes. They were much the same as the games of children in modern Europe. Boys whipped tops, and made "ducks and drakes" with shells, and played pitch and toss, "the tug of war," and so forth. The game which Mr. Mahaffy identifies with "The Canadian La Crosse" seems to us to be a pedestrian form of the Persian *Tsigan*, which gave the word *chicane* to the French language. At least the kind of racquet used in this sport is thought, we understand, to be a Persian invention. As to the physical training of more mature boys, Mr. Mahaffy thinks that it was decidedly inferior to what is enjoyed by a public schoolboy, at least by a rich and lucky public schoolboy, who has hunting, shooting, and fishing at home in the holidays. The young Athenians had scarcely any field sports, as their country was so cultivated and thickly peopled; so they were obliged to turn their attention to cock-fighting. The sports of the *pentathlon*—leaping, running, throwing the discus, throwing the spear, and wrestling—though excellent forms of exercise, had not the variety nor the intrinsic interest of cricket. Mr. Mahaffy thinks that the Greeks were not "given to much washing." They must in that case have degenerated after Homer's time, when the bath was such a common institution. As to running, if the Greeks really ran "on soft sand" their "records" of time must have been bad. But we cannot believe that they swung their arms about and shouted as they ran in the manner depicted on some vases. Other vases show them running in very good form.

in which the runners swing their arms were either drawn by ignorant artists or represented some peculiar kind of contest. Mr. Mahaffy has not apparently studied the modern pugilist. He writes:—

We may also have grave suspicions about Greek boxing, from the facts that they weighted the hand heavily with loaded gloves, and that boxers are described as men with their ears, and not with their noses, crushed. We cannot but suspect them of swinging round and not striking straight from the shoulder. This is further proved by the use of protecting ear-caps (*ἀμφωρίδες*) in boxing, a thing which no modern boxer would dream of doing.

As a matter of fact, modern pugilists may sometimes be recognized by the peculiar formation of their bruised and even ossified ears, and "chaff" on this delicate subject is very common among professors of the art of self-defence. In bobbing his head out of the way of a blow a boxer who does not exactly time his movement is very likely to be hit on the ear, and bruised ears are as common among modern as they were among classical fighting men. Polydeuces seems to have hit straight enough in his mill with Amycus, as described in a very sporting style in the twenty-second idyl of Theocritus. Whether they boxed well or ill, Greek boys, Mr. Mahaffy thinks, were, like the English schoolboy, almost distinct animals. We would gladly share Mr. Mahaffy's high opinion of the English schoolboy, but surely the young German troops showed in the great war as much physical endurance as any English lads of their age could have exhibited. The English schoolboy, though athletic and agile, is often rather a pampered and luxurious animal. Mr. Mahaffy thinks that the Greek sprint-races were about two hundred yards in length. Their long-distance race was over two miles and a half. Phidippides must have been trained over far longer distances than this. It seems that some "professors," vaguely alluded to, think the two and two-thirds of a mile race was a more wonderful feat than a long jump of fifty-five feet. Probably this impossible long jump was really a hop, step, and jump. It is impossible to believe that even Phayllus of Oroton could jump more than twice as far as Mr. Tossell of Oriol, or Professor Wilson when he leaped the Cherwell, or Skarphedin when he accomplished a similar feat on the ice, as recorded in the saga of the burning of Njal. As Mr. Mahaffy criticises rather severely the foreign theorists who wish to conduct the physical education of boys on the Greek, and not on the self-governing English, model, we may conclude that he really thinks we go ahead of the ancient Athenians.

We have never been able to understand the importance which the Greeks assigned to music in education. The question is rather a personal one, and cannot well be discussed by people who hold Théophile Gautier's opinion about music. We may therefore quote, without criticizing, Mr. Mahaffy's opinion of the moral influence of music:—

It is probable that the far greater complexity of our music, the multiplication of instruments, the development of harmony, has brought out intellectual instincts unknown to them, and so obscured the moral questions once so striking. The Chinese of the present day, who have a music far simpler than ours, mostly on the tetratonic scale, are said to speak of the moral influence of music as the Greeks did, and to put the composing and circulating of tunes under a certain control. They used to have state composers charged with this duty, in order to preserve and improve the morals of the people. Although then it seems that the simpler the character of a national music, the more clearly its moral effects are perceived, we only want a closer analysis to detect the same qualities in our own composers. Much of the best music we now hear is unduly exciting; it feeds vain longings, indefinite desires, sensuous regrets, and, were the evidence stated in detail, the sceptical reader might be convinced that here we are far behind the Greek educators, and that we often deliberately expose our children to great moral risk, by inciting them to express their semi-conscious desires in affecting music. The majority who have no soul for music may be safe enough (though this is not certain); but those whose soul speaks through their fingers, or their voice, are running a very serious danger, of which there is not the least suspicion among modern educators. To seek corroboration from the characters of leading musicians were invidious, but not without instruction.

The idea of the Chinese being so particular about "music and morals" is rather diverting.

Mr. Mahaffy's remarks on the teaching of reading and writing in Greece will interest persons not previously familiar with the facts. His account of the Sophists and the parallel he draws between them and journalists is ingenious and perfectly fair, at least to the journalists. It may not be quite so fair to the Sophists. Mr. Mahaffy has scarcely space for a satisfactory criticism of the Platonic theory of education, but perhaps further discussion of this hackneyed topic is scarcely desirable. He has some extremely sensible remarks on the bad effect of encouraging "the lower classes to seek University degrees with a minimum of expense and trouble, and consequently of culture." This is a new woe added to the plagues of Ireland, and of modern Greece. The result is the production of "a dangerous class of social and political malcontents, who consider that their high education is not recognized, and that they have no scope for their literary and political talents." Unfortunately they have scope, and a pretty use they make of it, in Parliament and the press.

Mr. Mahaffy's little book will amuse almost every one who reads it, and contains a good deal of information which people who are not scholars might find it hard to collect for themselves.

ELWIN AND COURTHOPE'S POPE.*

MR. COURTHOPE has had cast upon him the uncommonly difficult task of taking over the work of another editor in that editor's lifetime, and carrying it on without a too visible breach of continuity. President Lincoln's favourite saying about swopping horses when you are crossing the stream has been quoted many hundreds of times, but we do not think any one has yet considered that perhaps the party on whom it comes hardest is the other horse. Mr. Courthope has accepted, in regard to this edition of Pope, the place of the other horse, and it is no small praise to say that he holds it with credit. The principal contents of this volume, are the Moral Essays and Satires—in other words, much of Pope's weightiest and best work. Besides the running commentary of the notes, the editor has furnished it with a general introduction. In this he defends Pope's fame as a master of English—perhaps with more zeal than the occasion demanded—against the disparagement implied, or supposed to be implied, in some recent observations of Mr. Leslie Stephen's. It may be that Mr. Stephen's language is not strictly judicial when he speaks of "the Pope style" in a manner which appears to charge Pope in person with the faults of the poetic diction of his time. Those faults are obvious enough to the nineteenth-century reader, and, when they occur in Pope, are more displeasing than they would be in an inferior writer. But there is nothing to show that Pope was in any way specially answerable for them. It is more natural to believe that without Pope they would have been quite as bad as they were, if not worse. We hardly think Mr. Stephen would maintain the contrary; at all events he has not denied, and could not have meant to deny, that in Pope's hands the distinctive eighteenth-century versification attained the utmost perfection of which it was capable. Nor would he deny, we conceive, that for certain purposes this particular style was an unsurpassed instrument of human wit. The pattern set by Pope in satire remains not only unequalled, but unapproached. Mr. Tennyson will hardly be suspected of excessive bias towards the poetical character or the diction of Pope's time. Yet the brilliant quotation from a supposed old satire in "Sea Dreams" affords pretty strong evidence that Mr. Tennyson is of the opinion just expressed. We are a little surprised when Mr. Courthope, quitting this impregnable ground, boldly chooses Pope's Homer as an example of his work by which to stand or fall. "No one will venture to say," Mr. Courthope tells us with an air of authority, "Pope's 'Iliad' has gone, or is likely to go, out of fashion." Doubtless Mr. Courthope speaks deliberately and on good information, and we will not take upon ourselves to contradict him. It would be absurd to dispute the rank of Pope's *Iliad* as an English classic, whether we approve of it or not as a translation. But our own experience would have led us to doubt gravely whether it is much read at this day, or, at any rate, read with marked preference by those who have not been brought up in eighteenth-century tastes. It is the exception for living English writers to cite Homer in Pope's version; and the greater closeness of other and later versions will hardly account for this by itself. Before leaving this topic, we may add that it is no answer to Mr. Stephen's criticism to say that Pope could and did write admirable straightforward English when he chose. Many excellent and pithy lines of Pope have indeed become almost proverbial, and perhaps justify Mr. Courthope's assertion that he is the most quoted of English poets next to Shakespeare. But, in the first place, these are all, or almost all, from the satirical poems; and, in the second place, the more we admire him when he is thus at his best, the more are we justified in regretting that he ever wrote otherwise.

Mr. Courthope has something instructive to say of the methods of previous editors, which indeed was necessary to make the reader understand why their work left so much to be desired. Their failures were not at all due to want of ability, for they were able men, nor much to ignorance, for their means of knowledge were at any rate better than ours, but to want of singleness of purpose. They went to work not as expounders, but as advocates. Warburton set himself to prove through thick and thin that Pope was not only a great poet but an honest man; and he performed his undertaking, as Mr. Courthope shows in detail, with perfect unscrupulousness. The commentary of an editor who has thus accepted the post of *âme damnée* on his author's behalf is evidently of not much critical value. This kind of praise naturally provoked a reaction, which was started by Warton, though in a careless and indolent manner, and carried further by Bowles. Then came a counter-reaction in Roscoe's edition; "and thus, amid a conflict of theories on matters which were almost beyond the reach of evidence, a considerable portion of the poet's text, which might have been explained by those who lived nearest to his own time, has been left, as of merely secondary interest, to the tender mercies of modern conjecture." From this kind of bias Mr. Courthope has kept himself free. His own notes are explanatory, not polemic. If he has a weakness, it is that he is too tender for the notes of his predecessors, which he reprints much oftener and at much greater length than to our mind they deserve. But in this point, perhaps, he is bound by Mr. Elwin's precedent. In his aim to be impartial as regards Pope he sometimes overshoots the mark. One or two criticisms, at least, have struck us as being in themselves hardly worthy of Mr. Courthope's scholarship and taste,

and we can account for them only on the ground that he was afraid of seeming too favourable to his author. Thus on the line, "Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread," in the Prologue to the Satires, Mr. Courthope says, "This line is a striking example of the grammatical incorrectness into which Pope was sometimes betrayed by his efforts after terseness." Perhaps the condensation is excessive; but we are not sure that there is any fault of grammar. The peculiarity of construction is that by means of the common idiom "all he loved"—that is, "all whom he loved"—Pope brings in without any apparent violence the words, "or loved him" for "or who loved him," whereas such a construction as "all loved him" for "all who loved him" would by itself not be English, and would indeed not be intelligible, though Mr. Browning in his later poems is given to the use of something very like it. There is audacity, but no positive error. The proof of Pope's liberty is in its effect. Does the line read harshly, or is it difficult to understand? Does it strike the reader that there is something odd before his attention is specially called to it? For our part we should say not. In this case, therefore, we venture to think better of Pope's English than Mr. Courthope does. Another over-critical note occurs on Pope's adaptation of the Horatian story of Lucullus and the soldier. Pope, almost translating Horace's "Ibit eo quo vis qui zonam perdidit," says:—

Don't you remember what reply he gave!
"D'y'e think me, noble general, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."

Hereupon Mr. Courthope annotates:—"This attempt to make the story seem natural is not very happy, for such a reply from an English soldier to his general would have been impossible." Does Mr. Courthope, then, suppose there was no discipline in a Roman army? Both in Horace and in Pope we are to understand that it is a question not of obeying orders in the common course, but of volunteering for special service. In such a case this reply would be possible, though not creditable; and it is thus probable enough to be fairly used by the Roman and the English poet alike to point the moral of their satire. On another occasion Mr. Courthope has discovered an imaginary difficulty in a plain passage by one of those perversities of fate which every now and then ensnare the most prudent of us. In the satire addressed to Mr. Bethel, Pope says of Avidien (Wortley Montagu) and his wife that they "sell their presented partridges and fruits." Whereupon Mr. Courthope says:—"It seems almost too extravagant a stroke to make Avidien charge his friends for the game which he sent them as presents." Certainly it would be, and the more so that in that case it could scarcely be called *presented*. But the obvious meaning is not that Avidien and his wife sell their own partridges and fruits under pretence of giving them away, but that they sell, instead of consuming, those which their friends send as presents to them. The following line of the couplet—"And humbly live on rabbits and on roots"—would put the sense beyond a doubt, if doubt were possible. But this, after all, is a slip. We are more seriously surprised when we find that a Scriptural phrase in the Epilogue to the Satires, used by Pope in a manner perfectly justified by the nature of the passage, and of course with deliberate irony, provokes from Mr. Courthope a solemn rebuke of "the offences of the same kind against decency and good taste which abound" in Pope's writings. If Mr. Courthope is serious in this, it is an unaccountable aberration from critical sanity; if he is making fun of us by writing down to the level of the most Philistine portion of the British public (a sort of people not over-likely to trouble themselves with this edition of Pope in any case), the jest is something too subtle for our dull humour. It is a more innocent superfluity to instruct the reader in the meaning of *supercargo*, which we had looked on as a tolerably common word. But if this was needful, how can it be needless, as Mr. Courthope apparently thinks it, to explain to the modern reader the eighteenth-century import of the adjective *decent*? When Pope says in the Epilogue to the Satires—

E'en in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart—

it is certainly correct to say that this is but moderate praise of Secker. *Decent*, nevertheless, meant, as late as 1738, distinctly more than it does now. For us it signifies the absence of glaring offence; but then it pretty much amounted to what we now mean by *respectable*. A decent life, in the language of the eighteenth century, or the first half of it at any rate, is a life coming well up to the outward and visible standard of what society expects from the person's birth and condition. With us the epithet would rather indicate this as a superior limit of commendation; then it only fixed it as the inferior one. The conduct described as *decent* could at all events be nothing less than that, and might be anything short of heroic virtue.

These little shortcomings in Mr. Courthope's notes may be accounted for, we conceive, by his having thrown his main strength into the introductions prefixed to the several pieces. And here he has done work for which all students, not only of Pope, but of the literature and social history of the time, ought to be grateful. Such matters as the exact relation of Pope's satire to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu or the Duchess of Marlborough are now at last discussed with impartial care and in a really critical spirit. Again, Mr. Courthope, after having briefly noticed the confusion of philosophical ideas which runs through the "Epistle on the Use of Riches," calls our attention to its real point and significance "as a veiled satire on the moneyed interest of the period." Pope, as he has already observed, was by his Roman Catho-

* *The Works of Alexander Pope*. New edition, with Introductions and Notes, by Rev. Whitwell Elwin and William John Courthope, M.A. Vol. III. London: John Murray. 1881.

lic convictions and associations bitterly hostile to the wealthy Protestant middle class who furnished the sinews of war to the policy of the Revolution. In like manner Mr. Courthope is careful to illustrate the connexion of Pope's own political theory, such as it is, with Bolingbroke's. This is the kind of work the editor of an English classic is most called on to do, and it is of much more importance for English readers than the style or finish of his detailed annotations.

A LAODICEAN.*

A NOVELIST cannot be expected to go on for ever turning out precisely the same kind of work which first made his name famous, and it would not be difficult to point to instances of an attempt to do so being followed by most unsatisfactory results. Mr. Hardy's many readers, then, will have no right to complain of not finding the accustomed rustic flavour in his latest work, although they are likely to wish that it contained more of the author's Clowns, with their almost Shakespearian humour, and perhaps less of some personages who play a not unimportant part in the story. In *A Laodicean* Mr. Hardy has taken a new line, or perhaps, to speak accurately, has returned more or less to the line of a novel which was published before either *Under the Greenwood Tree* or *A Pair of Blue Eyes* had drawn attention to the unusual power which he possessed. Both in the early work and in *A Laodicean* some very odd events take place amid the surroundings of modern civilized life, but, if we remember rightly, there was more of the rustic flavour in the former than there is in the present book.

The Laodicean is a certain Miss Paula Power, daughter and heiress of an enormously wealthy railway contractor, and she is first seen by the hero, George Somerset, an architect, in somewhat peculiar circumstances. He in his country wanderings comes by chance upon a Baptist chapel, which bears the inscription, "Erected 187— at the sole expense of John Power, Esq., M.P." He hears that a baptism is on the point of taking place, and looks in through the window of the chapel, to the door of which a brougham has meanwhile been driven up. A woman clothed in a long robe of flowing white comes out of the vestry and follows the minister to the brink of the water-tank, where she pauses. Somerset now sees her face for the first time:—

Though humanly imperfect, as is every face we see, it was one which made him think that the best in woman-kind no less than the best in psalm-tunes had gone over to the Dissenters. He had certainly seen nobody so interesting in his tour hitherto; she was about twenty or twenty-one—perhaps twenty-three, for years have a way of stealing marches even upon beauty's anointed. The total dissimilarity between the expression of her lineaments and that of the countenances around her was not a little surprising, and was productive of hypotheses without measure as to how she came there. She was, in fact, emphatically a modern type of maidenhood, and she looked ultra-modern by reason of her environment: a presumably sophisticated being among the simple ones—not wickedly so, but one who knew life fairly well for her age. Her hair, of good English brown, neither light nor dark, was abundant—too abundant for convenience in tying, as it seemed; and it threw off the lamp-light in a hazy lustre. As before observed, it could not be said of her features that this or that was flawless—quite the contrary, indeed; but the nameless charm of them altogether was only another instance of how beautiful a woman can be as a whole without attaining in any one detail to the lines marked out as absolutely correct. The spirit and the life were there; and material shapes could be disregarded.

Finally she refuses to go on with the rite, and retreats into the vestry, where she hears herself preached at by the minister. Next day Somerset pays a visit to Stancy Castle, the show place of the neighbourhood, which is the property of Miss Paula Power, the lady whom he has seen in the chapel, and whose greatest friend is Miss De Stancy, daughter of the present head of the De Stancy family, from whom all their former glory has departed. On his return to his inn he gets up a conversation with the landlord concerning the Baptists, and in his conversation we have some of the touches of humour in which Mr. Hardy is unrivalled, and for more of which we could easily wish throughout the book. The landlord tells the young architect that there are a good many Baptists in the neighbourhood, and adds:—

"Even here in my house, now, when folks get a drop of drink into 'em, and their feelings rise to a song, some man will strike up a hymn by preference. Though I find no fault with that; for, though 'tis hardly human nature to be so calculating in yer cups, a feller may as well sing to gain something, as sing to waste."

Again, being asked if he is a Churchman himself, he replies:—

"Yes, sir; but I was a Methodist man—ay, for a length of time. 'Twas owing to my taking a house next door to a chapel; so that what with hearing the organ buzz like a bee through the wall, and what with finding it saved umbrellas on wet Sundays, I went over to that faith for two years—though I believe I dropped money by it—I wouldn't be the man to say so if I hadn't."

Calling again at Stancy Castle, Somerset finds that his name, or rather that of his father, a celebrated painter, is well known both to the De Stancys and to Miss Power, who has telegraphed directions by a private wire which she has established that every facility for exploring the castle shall be given to him. His first introduction to Miss Power occurs under peculiar conditions. He comes upon her by chance just as she is being attacked with texts and arguments by the Baptist minister,

and, happening to know tolerably well himself the ground over which the minister is travelling, he takes up, unbidden, the challenge which the old man makes, and manages to rout him. At the end of the argument Miss Power turns to him and begins a conversation with this somewhat odd speech:—"Although you are personally unknown to me, I cannot leave you without expressing my deep sense of your profound scholarship and my admiration for the thoroughness of your studies in divinity." Presently Somerset becomes a tolerably frequent visitor at the Castle; and then the plot, which is certainly an original one, begins in earnest with Paula's asking him to undertake the restoration of the Castle, on which she means to spend a hundred thousand pounds. There is a local architect, one Havill, whom Somerset suspects to be a quack, but who, as he knows, has had some reason to expect that the work will be entrusted to him. He is a struggling man, and Somerset, moved by a generous impulse, proposes that he and Havill shall submit rival plans to a committee of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Paula, after some reflection, accepts the suggestion; and when this has been done, and after Somerset has made a declaration of love to Paula, the first book of the novel, which is called "George Somerset," comes to an end. It is a peculiarity of Mr. Hardy's heroines never to accept a lover at once, and Paula the Laodicean, who is neither cold nor hot, certainly seems somewhat cold in the permission which she gives to Somerset to love her, and in her refusal to give him any further assurance.

The second book is called "Dare and Havill," and in it, as in the rest of the novel, a prominent part is played by a mysterious person called Dare, a young man whose doubtful age, character, and accomplishments puzzle everybody with whom he comes in contact, except one man, Captain De Stancy, brother of the Miss De Stancy whom we have seen, and heir to the old De Stancy baronetcy. We will not spoil Mr. Hardy's plot by revealing what it is that gives Dare a hold over De Stancy; but we may say that this hold is necessary to the working out of the plot and the delaying of George Somerset's and Paula's happiness. Dare manages to get engaged as Somerset's assistant for the express purpose of thwarting him, and there are some very lively scenes between him and Havill, who becomes his accomplice and tool. Furthermore Dare has made up his mind that De Stancy shall marry Paula. Here there are various difficulties to be got over, the first and most serious being that De Stancy has long ago renounced all thoughts of love. Dare manages to overcome this in a manner more strange than pleasing. Indeed it is matter for wonder that Mr. Hardy should have employed the very odd incident which serves to make De Stancy wish for an introduction to Paula—an incident which, if it were not related with such evident unconsciousness, would certainly go near to being offensive. However, Dare succeeds in bringing De Stancy under the influence of Paula's fascination, and his introduction to her is followed by another scene, which in its way is certainly odd enough, in the picture gallery of the Castle. He puts on part of an old suit of armour, and stands in front of an ancestral picture, assuming the pose and look of the figure in the portrait, which represents an old De Stancy who killed himself for love. Thus standing, he recites the verses which the ancestor was reported to have written with his blood:—

A solemn silence followed the close of the recital, which De Stancy improved by turning the point of the sword to his breast, resting the pommel upon the floor, and saying, "After writing that we may picture him turning this same sword in this same way, and falling on it thus." He inclined his body forward as he spoke. "Don't, Captain De Stancy, please don't!" cried Paula involuntarily. "No, don't show us any further, William!" said his sister. "It is too tragic."

This "strange behaviour of a middle-aged captain," as the newspaper paragraphs might have it, or, as Mr. Hardy puts it, "this Protean quality of De Stancy's, by means of which he could assume the shape and situation of almost any ancestor at will," impressed Paula, and he perceived that it did so "with a throb of fervour." But Mr. Hardy goes on to tell us that she was less impressed than he thought, employing, we regret to say, in his explanation the odious mongrel word *double-entendre* where he evidently means *arrière-pensée*. Meanwhile, Havill has been afflicted with repentance for the treachery which, at Dare's instigation, he has been guilty of towards Somerset, and withdraws from the architectural contest. This involves Somerset's almost constant presence at the Castle, and thus he is once more something like fairly matched against his adversaries. But for no better reason than that we can see than the author's desire again to overmatch him, there now appears an uncle of Paula's who has long been absent from England, and who reappears to claim with quiet pertinacity something like authority over her, and to keep her apart as best he can from Somerset. Nothing that this uncle, Abner Power, does is quite fully accounted for, and he seems little more than a grotesque excrescence on the story. It is as if Mr. Hardy's constant references to Gothic architecture had led him to make the nearest approach that he could in writing to a gargoyle. It seems as if matters would be brought to something like a crisis between Paula and Somerset by a performance at the Castle of *Love's Labour's Lost*, in which De Stancy, playing the King of Navarre to Paula's Princess, audaciously introduces some passionate lines from *Romeo and Juliet*. The incident gives Mr. Hardy an occasion for introducing a humorous touch in some telegraphic correspondence which ensues between Paula and a theatrical agent who is to send down an actress to take her place at the next performance

* *A Laodicean*; or, *The Castle of the De Stancys: a Story of To-day*. By Thomas Hardy, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

as the Princess, but otherwise it leaves things pretty much where they were before. Paula shortly afterwards goes abroad with the De Stancys and the mysterious uncle, leaving Somerset with full powers to look after the restoration in her absence; and now Dare's villainy becomes more atrocious than before. He sends a false telegram from Somerset to Paula, and, by means of a process which the author says is well known, he manages to produce a photograph of Somerset which represents him as one in a hopeless state of intoxication. Finally, Paula, back in England, is ready dressed to go to church and be married to De Stancy, when events occur which we must leave the author to relate for himself.

The book has an undoubted interest both because Mr. Hardy has written it and because it is in many ways so unlike anything else that he has written. Whether he has made his new departure in the right direction is another question. Our own impression is that he has not sufficiently explained his heroine's character, and that De Stancy and Somerset both show a certain want of flesh and blood. Dare is, in his way, a striking character. Miss De Stancy is happily hit off, and the few snatches of rustic talk are of course excellent. Perhaps Havill is one of the best-touched characters in the book, and for that reason we are sorry that there is not more of him.

SIR ERASMUS WILSON'S EGYPT.*

IT has often been observed of actively disposed people that their activity may be turned into any channel with equal success. Sir Erasmus Wilson is eminently energetic. He cannot be idle. At the same time he possesses a faculty which may be called the instinct of opportunity. He knows that just at the present time a good many people are interested—perhaps only to a moderate extent—in Egyptian affairs. They have lost or made a little money in bonds or Canal shares; they have sent relations to try the climate as a health resort; they have heard of the unexpected opening of a kind of concealed Westminster Abbey, full of the bodies of the greatest Pharaohs; and they look round in vain to find some reasonably cheap, tolerably readable, and fairly accurate account of Egypt and its history. Odd as it seems, Sir Erasmus Wilson is the first author who has succeeded in meeting this want. There is, of course, a great standard history, translated from the German, and as well suited to ordinary readers as any other German historical book; and there is a purely English book, made up in equal parts of the modern German and of a now long antiquated native authority; but such books are costly and by no means entertaining. Then there is, besides, one small volume, written by the greatest authority of all, of which we can only say that the charitable Society which issues it might safely offer a prize to any one who has read it through and understood it. The only possible summary to offer to an inquiring mind has been the preface to a guide-book; but neither Murray nor Baedeker can be called anything but very tough. The volume before us, with its gorgeous chromolithographs, its pretty vignettes, and its clearly explained hieroglyphics exactly meets the wants we have indicated. It is no mere commentary of quotations from Brugsch. It is no mere puzzle-headed attempt to shorten the chronology of Manetho. It is a fair straightforward narrative of the history of Egypt according to the latest discoveries, with no futile guesses where evidence fails, and no theories made to fit in with preconceived opinions. We may say so much without reserve. It is not possible to compare *The Egypt of the Past* with other histories of Egypt, because there is no other book of the same size and constructed on the same lines. The style is simple. When the author does not know, he is not ashamed to say so. When he does know, he can put his knowledge forward very clearly. The more interesting points of each historical episode are indicated distinctly. Confusion is avoided among a multitude of names. Sir Erasmus Wilson evidently possesses that first qualification of a writer of history—the power to discriminate between what is important to the progress of his story and what is not. He never lets minor particulars of no moment run away with him. In fact, in several places he might, we think, have told us a little more—might, so to speak, have filled his background more fully; but in this respect he has erred on the right side, and is, in consequence, never pedantic and never prosy. We have several faults to find both in the descriptive parts and the purely narrative. The author has here and there fallen into bad hands. He has, for example, like Canon Rawlinson, copied a little too exactly a sketch in De Rougé of the upper part of a statue, representing it as a half-length, whereas it is complete at Iboolak. But if in the interests of truth we attempt to criticize his work on such points, it must be understood that we do so in no carping frame of mind. *Egypt of the Past* is no more perfect than any other book written by mortal man, and to praise it unreservedly would only be to deprive our praise of any value. But our criticisms will be found for the most part to relate to details, small in themselves, and only important because of their frequent occurrence; while of the general form, scope, and arrangement of the book, we have nothing unfavourable to say.

To begin at the very beginning, it cannot be said that Sir Erasmus Wilson has correctly stated what is, before all, the great Egyptian historical question. In few of the books on ancient Egypt have we found the chronological aspect of art,

language, religion, and letters put any better than here; but the problem presented by the chronology itself is inadequately, if not incorrectly, enunciated. After observing that, according to Manetho, the age of Mena dates back to a period of 5004 years B.C.—a statement, by the way, which Manetho never makes—that “Brugsch favours a somewhat less interval—namely, 4455 B.C.,” and that Birch and Chabas adopt the medium date of 4000 B.C., he goes on to say that “these extreme variations are chiefly referable to the difficulty of ascertaining the precise length of each individual reign.” Now it would be easy to prove, and has, in fact, been repeatedly proved, that this, in an enlarged view of chronology, is not a matter of real importance. The length of each individual king's reign, and the number of years during which there was a double sovereignty, whether of kings or of dynasties, are of course very necessary to the establishment of a correct chronological system; and in Egypt, considering all things, we have no discrepancies of this kind which could make such a difference as that of a whole millennium. On the contrary, we are now pretty well informed as to the length of a majority of the kings' reigns whose names we know, and have, moreover, very sufficient grounds on which to form a theory of contemporary dynasties. Yet these discrepancies remain. The reason of them is not likely to be removed at present. It is briefly that between the three distinct periods of civilization, two periods of complete disorganization intervened, periods which may have been inconceivably longer than we have hitherto supposed, but which cannot amount together to much less than a thousand years. From the beginning of the Eighteenth Dynasty there is no such blank; and the chronology, though it is often impossible to place an event in a certain year absolutely, is approximately correct down to the year 1000 B.C., and admits of very little doubt after that period. We had occasion recently in these columns to show that during the blank periods even genealogies ceased to be kept; and we may go further and presume that the pyramid-builders stood in no closer relation to the people of the time of Rameses than the ancient Romans in Britain to the Roman Church in England in the time of Henry III. Sir Erasmus Wilson has hardly succeeded in grasping this fact, and, in consequence, we find him speaking of things under the early period as if they were the same as under the later. He talks of embalmers, for example, under the pyramid-builders. But we have no grounds for asserting that any mummies, in the ordinary sense of the term, were made then. Certainly none have come down to us, though some five or six unembalmed bodies, like that of Mycerinus in the British Museum, have been found. It would be easy to multiply examples—as, for instance, where the worship of Amen is spoken of in the chapter on the second dynasty; but we refrain, for unfortunately Sir Erasmus Wilson sins in the best of company, and we cannot expect him, though we might wish him, to be wiser than his teachers. We might also, were we so disposed, find fault with his interpretation of several hieroglyphic signs. His explanations of the spelling of kings' names in general are so good that even here we are disposed to be lenient; but we fear he must give up the heresy that the well-known figure “men” is anything but a chessboard, which has been abundantly proved; and that the “medial letters *b, d, g, z* are wanting,” seeing our modern forms of all four are only slightly modified forms of hieroglyphs. Here, again, he sins in excellent company, chiefly French; but the view he expresses has, we understand, been given up by the chief paleographers of other nations.

It is much pleasanter to turn to the many points on which we can unreservedly praise this excellent little volume. It is interesting to find an anatomist of the eminence of Sir Erasmus Wilson asserting, more or less positively, that the pure Egyptian stock is Caucasian, thus agreeing with Dr. Lepsius. He also accepts the evidences of the early existence of the use of iron, long absurdly doubted, although one of the proofs he adduces that iron was used in cutting the stones of the pyramids is not very conclusive. He speaks of an iron fragment found by Mr. MacCallum at Medinet Abou, which is like saying that Stonehenge was shaped with iron tools, because a chisel was found in Salisbury Cathedral. Fortunately, no such proof is needed. He is also correct in regarding the so-called “Temple of the Sphinx” as a tomb, and sums up the evidence in a note which is a model of clearness. The pyramid chapters, in fact, strike us as among the most satisfactory in the book. Sir Erasmus has read his De Rougé with profit, and has here summarized all that the general reader will care to know of the *Sir Premières Dynasties*. He is naturally much interested in obelisks, and, on the whole, he seems to us the best account of them extant. It consists in scattered passages under the appropriate headings, and tells us not only all about those remaining in Egypt, but those likewise of Rome and Constantinople. He is very successful, also, in avoiding dangerous places. Half the books on Egypt stumble over Joseph first, and the Exodus afterwards. They either make too much of them or too little. Sir Erasmus Wilson is too judicious to fall into such traps. He adopts the view, now all but universal, that the Exodus occurred under Merenptah, the son and successor of Rameses II., but avoids discussing the route of the Israelites. This may disappoint some readers; but those who know how little there is of a tangible kind on the subject, and how even that little can be warmly disputed, will see that Sir Erasmus Wilson has exercised a wise discretion. He is not to be tempted to talk about what he does not understand. Upon one point his remarks should be specially noted. The author, he says, “hopes that Britain will take a

* *The Egypt of the Past*. By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1881.

deeper interest than she has hitherto shown in the investigations now taking place in Egypt." France and Germany, he adds, have always had active and zealous investigators in the field. The honours of the recent discoveries have fallen to them. It is true that, until lately, "no English need apply" for leave to excavate or even search. The dog-in-the-manger policy which has so long prevailed at Boolak may now, we hope, be considered a thing of the past. M. Maspero invites all the world to join in his enterprises. "The scientific character of England demands that she also should be worthily represented." It may, as Sir Erasmus asserts, be in vain "to hope that an Archaeological Commission, like the Egyptian Commission of France, Germany, and Italy, will ever be despatched by the Government of this country to report upon and explore the treasures of the Nile Valley"; but he suggests that private enterprise should do something to vindicate our claim to a place among the scholars and archaeologists of Europe—a suggestion in which we heartily join. It cannot, in fact, be too strongly impressed upon the coming generation of learned men that to study the beginnings of classical literature and classical art without taking Egypt into account is a waste of time which becomes more and more apparent every day. We might almost wish that the money spent by Sir Erasmus Wilson and Mr. Dixon on the obelisk for the Thames Embankment had been invested to endow an Egyptian professorship at one of the Universities.

LADY JACKSON ON THE FRENCH COURT.*

THE reflection that the course of Lady Jackson's studies and the rapid action of her easy pen would in time lead her to the revolutionary epoch has always been rather depressing. It is true that, much as has been written about those times, there is still ample room for a kind of companion to serious history respecting them. The fashions and frivolities of Marie Antoinette's Court; the humours, as distinguished from the tragedies, of that singular Paris which, as we know, still continued to amuse itself and its visitors while kings' heads were rolling about the streets, and the political structure of a thousand years was being destroyed in a summer night; the unedifying, but not unnoteworthy, ways of the Directory and the Consulate; the Brummagem grandeur of the Empire, with its mock princes, and Grand Officials, and so forth, give an abundant subject to any one who knows how to handle it. But then it has always been painfully evident that, whoever was the person to handle it, Lady Jackson was not. To no writing concerning the revolutionary period can the famous phrase "absolute accuracy must not be expected" be applied. At this time of day we must have accuracy, or nothing; and it is clearly impossible for Lady Jackson to be accurate. It is not that she invents, or misrepresents, or romances; but an incurable malapropism of mind, as distinguished from mere malapropism of the tongue, appears to beset her. She is not, indeed, by any means free from the latter, as where she makes the unhappy Danton responsible for the statement that "the Revolution, like Silenus, devoured its own children." Can anybody imagine a more unjust accusation than that it was the habit of Silenus to dine off fauns? But when an author speaks in an English book of "Prince Andronio Comnène," "the last of the Greek Emperors of the Comnène dynasty," she tells us more about her mental equipments and attitude than a hundred of her dearest personal friends could do. The charm of the matter is that—we are certain of it—Lady Jackson has no idea why she should not talk of "Andronio Comnène," nor why it "speaks her," as Ben Jonson would say, that she does so. Nevertheless, she may rest assured that "Andronio Comnène" is final, and that any qualified examiner will say to her, "Madam, please do anything but write."

However, Lady Jackson has written, and not for the first or the second time. It would require a painful and elaborate calculation to decide whether there are more blunders in her present volumes than in those which have gone before; but it may be pronounced, without fear of inaccuracy or unfairness, that they are duller. The reasons of this are not far to seek. The golden succession of memoir-writers falls terribly in quality, if not in numbers, after the third quarter of the eighteenth century. Who would think of comparing Mme. Campan, or Bénéval, or Weber with Mme. de Sévigné, or St-Simon, or Mme. de Staël-Delaunay? Again, the importance of those who are available is mainly political. They are themselves chiefly busied about politics, and even their anecdotes and lightest gossip have a political complexion. Hence Lady Jackson, even if she had been a much better writer than she is, is at a decided disadvantage here. She herself is always slipping into politics; and, as she knows about as much of them as she does of the correct nomenclature in English of the Byzantine dynasties, her political writing is neither edifying nor lively. There is only left to her the resource of blundering, and that, to do her justice, she does with heroic resolution and with a success which mortal heroism does not always command. To a tolerably well informed person, who has plenty of time and nothing better to do on a very wet or foggy day, it is not altogether bad sport to read Lady Jackson with a pencil and paper at his side. That Lady Jackson should insist on interlarding her sentences with French is to be expected, and is nowise surprising. Nor is it worth while to comment on these little weaknesses. Good round

blunders, like Silenus; absurdities, like Comnène; downright misstatements and errors—to these the game shall be rigidly limited.

To begin with, Lady Jackson says that the secret diplomacy of Louis XV. was "aimless." If she had taken the trouble to read no more recondite a book than the Duke de Broglie's recent *Secret du roi*, and had read it with the least fraction of understanding, it would have been impossible for her to make such a statement. Resultless this diplomacy often was, but it had for the most part a very definite aim, and not often an unimportant one. Then Lady Jackson proceeds to spoil the point of the well-known story about Maurepas and Turgot by altering its tenses. The repartee "the Abbé Terray always went" [to Mass] was made after, not before, the dismissal of that incompetent financier. To say that the "Parlement Maupeou" was "abolished" is absurd; it would be as reasonable to say that the corporations of England were abolished by the *quo warrantos* of Charles II. and James II. So far was Mlle. de Lespinasse from "having departed this life, aged forty-four, the victim of unrequited affection for an interesting young Spaniard," that the Marquis de Mora died long before her, and the fortunate and ungrateful recipient of her last and most famous affection was the Count de Guibert, who was no more a Spaniard than Lady Jackson is. It is to be presumed that Lady Jackson has not undertaken to write a series of gossip-books about the society of the eighteenth century in France without having read the *Nouvelle Héloïse*; but her reference to it at vol. i. p. 195, shows that her memory is decidedly confused about it. Then she says that the "spiritual littérateur, Rivarol, a confessed plebeian" [Rivarol himself certainly did not confess it] was "a great opponent of Beaumarchais, and made several virulent attacks upon him; but the latter, with a deluge of playful wit, contrived always to submerge his venomous adversary." "Always" is strong, and some of the dates and circumstances of these submersions would be welcome; for Rivarol was not at all an easy person to submerge. In the same paragraph Parry is classed with Rivarol and Grimm as "of similar pretensions." Now Parry's birth has never, that we know of, been attacked or questioned. The climax of density, if not of inaccuracy, is perhaps reached in the account of Joseph II.'s famous oracular criticism on Voltaire and Franklin. "C'est mon métier d'être souverain" could hardly, one might have thought, be taken in any other sense than the true one—that the new lights were pretty distinctly anti-monarchical. But Lady Jackson paraphrases it, "It was his duty to be a leader of mankind, not to be led." If, however, she does not see some things, she sees others that other people cannot see. For instance, she has discovered in Molière "many shafts aimed at the abuses of power." We wish she would quote the passages.

That Lady Jackson misses the whole point of the dispute in the States-General about vote by order and vote by head is in one sense surprising, in another not. Yet, perhaps, the greater surprise is due to the fact that anybody should suppose the Tiers État to have been actuated by a feeling that "unanimity was more likely to be attained in one room than in three," or that measures voted *par tête* would "carry more weight." They would, with their partisans in the other orders, have been able to outvote both clergy and nobles hopelessly, and that was the long and the short of the matter. Later, Lady Jackson gives the famous story of the prophecy of Cazotte, not only in a very lame form, but without a hint that it rests on La Harpe's unsupported testimony. The list may be appropriately closed by the astounding statement that Napoleon "probably deplored the murder of the Duke d'Enghien." As Lady Jackson frequently quotes the *Memoirs* of Miot de Melito, and must know those of Mme. de Rémusat, it is certainly wonderful that she should speak in this manner of an act as clearly premeditated, as ruthlessly accomplished, as little repented of as any in the catalogue of crime. Nothing can be clearer than that the murder of Enghien was intended, first, as at once a vindictive reprisal and a warning in reference to the plots which had been so frequently formed against Bonaparte's life; secondly, as a bribe to the Republicans to acquiesce in the accession to arbitrary power of a man who had thus given hostages to them as against the legitimate sovereign and his family. In both ways the purpose was achieved; and as there was no reason why Napoleon should deplore it, so there is not the slightest evidence that he did. Although he was not blood-thirsty by temperament, a murder more or less is certainly not likely to have counted much with a man more utterly destitute of the very rudiments of conscience than any one on record. As a blunder, if not as a crime, he may have regarded it too late, when he felt after his fall how completely it had burnt his ships; but that is all.

It is very rare to find a book in which there is no redeeming point; and there is a redeeming point in Lady Jackson's. This is the care which she takes to describe the wonderful coiffures in which Marie Antoinette and her ladies indulged. If any lover of paradox should choose to argue that the Revolution was not wholly bad because it punished the women who had made such hideous spectacles of themselves, he would be able to make at least a fair fight as paradoxes go. Here is the description of *le pouf sentimental*:—

The Duchess de Chartres had determined to surpass the queen in the height of her head-dresses. It was owing to this laudable spirit of rivalry that they had attained their monstrous elevation—for on the other hand the queen had determined she would not be surpassed, and as the ladies of the Court and the *beau monde* strove to follow her lead she still rose inch

* *The French Court.—Louis XVI. and Napoleon.* By Lady Jackson. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881.

by inch above them. Aided by the fertile fancy of the celebrated *coiffeur*, Léonard, the Duchess had invented, exclusively for herself, a head-dress, which she christened "*le pouf sentimental*." The scaffolding was two inches higher than that of the head-dress worn by the queen, and which was also invented for the occasion, and named "*coiffure à loge d'opéra*." It was composed of numberless plumes, waving at the top of a tower. Léonard had used fourteen yards of gauze or lace for the duchess's "pouf" and folds and plaits surrounding it. The ornaments employed were two waxen figures, representing the little Duke de Beaujolais (afterwards King Louis Philippe) in his nurse's arms. Beside them was placed a parrot pecking at a plate of cherries; and reclining at the nurse's feet was the waxen figure of a black boy. On different parts of the edifice were the initials of the Dukes de Chartres, de Penthièvre, and d'Orléans, formed with the hair of those princes—the husband, father, and father-in-law of the fair wearer of the sentimental *coiffure*.

Forgetting the height of her "*pouf*," the duchess in the course of the evening leaned forward to speak to the Duke de Penthièvre, when her head-dress became entangled in the ornaments of a girandole on the opposite side of her box. On resuming her upright position the girandole remained firm, but drew out a long piece of the gauze and displaced the parrot and the cherries. Luckily they fell on the duke, who caught them, and, with great presence of mind, prevented a further fall into the *parterre*. Thus, saving his daughter from becoming an object of mirth to the audience, and perhaps saving also Gluck's opera; but the incident occasioned much merriment among the royal party.

The author is much better when she is talking of *poufs* than when she is talking politics, and it is not quite clear why she has not availed herself of the opportunity to do the former more than she has done. She would have made her book much more amusing, and she certainly would not have made it less instructive; for, as she herself somewhere observes with great frankness, "women's opinion on politics is generally worthless." It must be confessed that she acts up to her principles. Both her praise and her blame seem to be entirely ungoverned by criticism. Thus she never loses an opportunity for a spiteful remark on Mme. de Staël, and more than once states her opinion that Mme. de Genlis has been hardly dealt with. Now the one certainly had many faults, and the other perhaps had some virtues. But Mme. de Staël was a woman of genius, and had a really kind heart, while Mme. de Genlis had but moderate talent, and apparently no heart at all.

THE FOLK-LORE RECORD.—VOL. III. PART II.*

THIS volume, like the volumes which have preceded it, contains some papers of considerable interest, and exhibits also some of the faults which we have been obliged to point out in previous notices of the records of the Folk-lore Society. In books which must necessarily be a miscellaneous gathering of contributions from many hands this is perhaps hardly to be avoided; but it would be well if the limits of the subjects legitimately falling under the head of folk-lore were more clearly defined and more carefully kept. All superstitions probably fall within these limits, and it is certainly matter of some importance to ascertain how far old superstitions still have a practical hold on the people of this country. A few remarks contained in this volume may well startle those who are not aware of the facts. From the evidence here given it would seem that the state of things in Dorsetshire and Devonshire is by no means what it should be. At the Shaftesbury Union a few months ago a middle-aged man applied for relief, as being unable to work. The surgeon could assign no cause for his inability, nor could he assert its existence; and the only reason given by the man was that he had been "over-looked" by his sister-in-law. His wife had been to a wise woman at Stalbridge, whose prescriptions or advice had relieved him for a few days; but the spell had again become too potent for him to resist, and he was helpless. Hence he refused absolutely to work. His application for relief was not granted; but it must probably be allowed that there remains still in some parts of the country a mass of absurd fancies which modern education has not yet been able to root out. It is not a little disgusting to learn that an annual gathering is, or was until lately, held in the same neighbourhood, called the Toad Fair, because a cunning man "of great fame there sold to crowds of admirers legs torn from the bodies of living toads. These, placed in a bag, and worn round the neck, were declared to be a sovereign remedy for scrofula, for the 'over-looked,' and for sufferers generally. This is, of course, superstition of the most grovelling and mischievous kind, as there is no conceivable connexion between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. But it may perhaps be doubted whether the following story of wart cure should be taken as an instance of the superstitions attached to this subject. Earlier volumes of the *Folk-lore Record* have given some nauseous specimens of these delusions, in all of which the result is as entirely unconnected with the cause as in the talisman of the toad's legs. A Liverpool lad, we are told, had his hands covered with warts, and a lady seeing them, gave a recipe which she declared to be trustworthy. "Get one or two cowrie shells," she said, "and put them into an egg-cup or other small vessel, and then get a lemon, and squeeze the juice from it on the shells. In a few hours the shells will be dissolved into a white paste; put the paste on the warts with a piece of stick two or three times a day, and before many days are over the warts will vanish." The writer asserts that the application in this case was entirely successful; and certainly one does not see that there is more of superstition in the outward form of the prescription than there would be in the assertion that warts may be burnt out with nitric acid.

* *The Folk-lore Record*, Vol. III. Part II. London: Folk-lore Society. 1881.

A paper on rural weddings in Lorraine shows perhaps as strong an instance of survival as may be found in any land. The old custom of obtaining a bride by force is here indicated by no mere faded sign or symbol, but by a veritable trial of strength, which taxes the muscles of the combatants to the uttermost, although care is taken that no serious mischief shall be done. The contest is redeemed from brutality, not merely by these cautions, but by the fact that it becomes almost as much a trial of wit as of bodily powers. Readiness of speech is, indeed, a weapon as necessary for success as stoutness of arm and readiness of nerve. The first battle being over, and a truce granted, the admission of the assailants into the house is made to depend on their singing a verse or a song unknown to any of the defenders, and which, therefore, none can go on with in reply. In a large number of instances the assailants are pulled up at the first line; but sometimes they are allowed to go through twenty or thirty verses of a long story without interruption, and then the defenders chime in with the first line of the last strophe, and tell their opponents that they need not weary themselves by going through so long a song. This tournament of ballad-singing is followed by another struggle to place the goose upon the hearth, which is worth notice only as showing how completely the notion of fighting for a wife has taken possession of the people. Even when this is accomplished, there remains the further ordeal in which the bride and three of her companions, of precisely the same height with herself, are placed on a bench, with a white cloth thrown over them, while the bridegroom has to touch with a stick the form which he supposes to be that of his bride. If he succeeds in so doing, he dances with her without changing partners during the rest of the evening. If he fails, he must content himself with dancing with her companions. The sports, on the whole, may be somewhat boisterous; but there is no evidence that they are marked by anything to which serious objection could be taken.

From the Danish of Professor Grundtvig Miss Mully translates three tales which are of great interest, not only for purposes of comparison, but for their own merits. Neither of the three contains many incidents which are not found in the traditions of other countries; but all are told with singular purity and tenderness of feeling. The story of Prince Wolf adds another to the vast family of legends the framework of which is furnished by the love and sorrows of Eros and Psyche. Prince Wolf is, in fact, the Beast who has Beauty for his bride; but, even in his bestial form, he appears in no terrific guise. He wins his wife by answering a question which baffles all others; but the severance comes only after the wife has thrice proved faithless to the letter of his commands. The tinder-box and taper take the place of the torch or the lamp of oil; and Wolf, in his human shape, is awakened, not by the dropping of the spark or the burning liquid, but by the kiss of his wife, who throws her arms round his neck, forgetting to extinguish the taper. Then follows the parting, and the awful ordeals which must be passed through before they may meet again. She must find her way to the castle far off to which the wolf has been taken; and she is guided on her journey by the wolf's track all stained with blood. This is the veritable Lykabas, the path of the wolf, the path of light, the journey of the sun through all the stages of the changing year. She has the same impossible tasks to perform, the same implacable monsters to appease; and she surmounts all her troubles by the force of gentleness and love. The doors of the palace of Hebbenfeld refuse to crush her at the bidding of the demon queen, because she has oiled their hinges. The dogs will not tear and bite her, for though they had been yelping and barking for ages, no one had ever fed them till she came. It is the same with all the other servants of the witch. The wicket-gate is the last of all; and the gate will not squeeze her, because she had given it a bolt for which it had been longing for many hundred years. But she encounters a greater danger when, as she sinks in utter despair on the loss of the jewels which she had got from the witch of Hebbenfeld, a youth in the full vigour of manly beauty accosts her kindly, and asks the reason for her grief. Not once only or twice he aids her effectually, although each time to the condition that she must take him for her sweetheart she replies, "Nay, I had a sweetheart once, but I shall never see him more." At last she regains the lost jewels and brings them to the witch, who is the Aphrodite of the ancient story. Prince Wolf is now in his human form, but he is to marry the witch's daughter, and his wife is to hold the torches in her hands at the wedding feast. There was a spell upon her, and she could not move though the torches burned on until her fingers were almost on fire. "My hands are burning," she moaned. "Burn then, candle and candlestick too," said the witch; but the bridegroom heard the curse, and, starting forward, recognized his lost love. Seizing the torches, he hands one to the witch and the other to her daughter. On these the spell at once works. The torches burnt on until they and the whole castle were turned to ashes. But Wolf and his bride were far away, as far as the dawn leaves behind it the murky abodes of darkness.

It may be a pardonable fancy if in the adaptation of these stories we ascribe to the Teutonic and Scandinavian races a power scarcely equalled by another peoples of the great Aryan family. How far the harvest of these traditions has been gathered in and safely stored in printed volumes it would be rash to say; that materials of the highest value still remain to reward future search there can be no doubt. An interesting paper by Mr. Coote on the source of some of Galland's "*Arabian Nights*" tales seems to prove that the last four stories of his collection were obtained directly from oral informants at Constantinople or Smyrna, and that he

could not have obtained them from any written documents, inasmuch as no Arabic, Persian, or Indian MS. of any of these four tales has ever been found, and no hope exists in the minds of Orientalists that any ever will be found. It is strange, as Mr. Coote remarks, that Galland should thus have learnt by word of mouth four stories which are undoubtedly "the most brilliant fictions of that unequalled *corpus fabularum*."

Mr. Lach-Szyrma's paper on folk-lore traditions of historical events is perhaps less attractive than some others in the volume; but it is the only one which touches questions of importance not only for the comparative mythologist, but for the historian. Mr. Lach-Szyrma seems, like Professor Blackie, to be impressed with the idea that the general talk of the people will preserve a remembrance of great events in such a way as to give the record a practical value. He speaks of Cornish traditions as dwelling much on Judge Jeffreys and Oliver Cromwell, and says that they further commemorate "the terror of the Armada, the burning of the Mousehole, and the Buccaneer wars." But of these and other traditions Mr. Lach-Szyrma unluckily gives no details; and it is by the details only that they can be judged. According to Professor Blackie, oral tradition may, after centuries, and even millenniums, "be more true to the real character of the fact than the written testimony of this or that particular witness." As a special instance of this he adduces the tradition which points out the summit of a hill near Scarborough as the spot where Cromwell encamped during the siege of the castle in the Great Rebellion. The tradition, he admits, is so far inexact that Cromwell was at the time in quite another part of the country; but the inaccuracy, he maintains, touches only the point of Cromwell's absence. This, in his eyes, is a very small matter; and there remains, as he holds, the triple fact "that there was a great civil war in England between the Crown and the Commons at the time specified; that in this war the castle of Scarborough was an object of contention between the parties; and that in the same war a man called Oliver Cromwell was one of the principal generals of the popular party." To be sure, if this was all that we knew of the reign of Charles I., it would not be very much; and Mr. Blackie admits that the tradition would tell us no more. But it is exceedingly doubtful if it tells us nearly so much. Professor Blackie has probably read into it from his own knowledge the controversy between the Crown and the Commons; and in all likelihood local memory troubles itself as little about the cause of the blockade as about the explanation of the siege of castles in the days of King Stephen. The overthrow of Harold Hardrada and Tostig, coming as it did only a few days before a fight still more memorable, would, we might suppose, leave an impression on local tradition never to be effaced; yet the memory of the battle in which the English Harold defeated and slew his Norwegian namesake seems to have died out utterly in the neighbourhood of Stamford Bridge, unless the selling of cakes fashioned in the form of a horseman carrying a spear can be taken as an historical reminiscence of it. The cakes are sold in a November fair; and from this it would follow that the people remember neither the cause of the quarrel nor the day on which it was decided. It would be probably nearer the truth to say that popular traditions never can be trusted, and that, even when they correspond with the historical record, they are of little or no use, inasmuch as in such cases we gain our knowledge not from the local tradition, but from the written chronicle. But in the vast majority of cases they run counter to the historical evidence. It is so, as Mr. Lach-Szyrma admits, with the traditions of Cornwall. These "represent the Spaniards as the fiercest and the most deadly foes of England; history represents Spain as a nation that scarcely ever achieved a great victory over the English." Nor is it otherwise with matters strictly local. "Tradition describes John Tregeagle and Job Milton as incarnate demons; local history describes them as quiet country gentlemen." In spite of this we are told, oddly enough, that "the memory of Caesar's conquest is preserved in Yorkshire legends," a stag having been found near Leeds, with a ring of brass around its neck, bearing this inscription:—

When Julius Caesar here was king,
About my neck he put this ring.
Whosoever doth me take,
Let me go for Caesar's sake.

But Caesar was never north of the Humber, nor even of the Thames, and, in Lingard's words, he was never master of a foot of British ground. What is the value of a tradition, if it be a tradition, which preserves a memory of imaginary conquests and fictitious kings?

SIX MONTHS IN THE RANKS.*

THE six months' experiences of a gentleman-private give an excellent idea of life in the ranks. A thread of lively fiction runs through the facts; but we are inclined to believe from internal evidence that the story he tells is generally true. Nor is his knowledge confined to the condition of the private as it is at present. He has carefully informed himself as to the circumstances of the good old times so greatly lauded by grumbling veterans, and can draw comparisons accordingly. On the whole, his judgment is given decidedly in favour of the results of recent reforms, although he still sees ample room for improvement, and

makes sundry intelligent suggestions which might possibly be of practical value. It seems to us that he is somewhat biased in favour of the modern school; but at the same time he draws vivid and lifelike portraits of sturdy old soldiers whose stuff is undeniable. As for the author of this veracious and entertaining narrative, he was a soldier of a different type from these. He was a scapegrace of good family, who, having disgusted his friends by follies and extravagances, resolved on making a fresh start in life by taking Her Majesty's shilling. So far as he was personally concerned, the result, as we venture to think, was an exception to the general rule. The uniform seems to have acted on his temperament like magic, and he became at once steady, sensible, and sober. He showed admirable tact in dealing with his comrades, and praiseworthy submission towards overbearing non-commissioned officers; while, bringing his education and natural talents into play, he steadily gained in the good graces of his commissioned superiors. Had the book been meant for pure fiction, its plot would have ended more appropriately had he remained in the ranks to win his commission, and then distinguished himself by deeds of gallantry in the field. But, as it is evidently intended to answer to its title, and treat simply of the soldier's life in barracks, when the writer has said his say, he inherits a handsome fortune, and forthwith withdraws into private life, with credit, promotion, and the most complimentary certificates.

His tale of how he enlisted hits off some obvious blots in the system. All candidates for glory are, of course, supposed to pass a searching medical examination. The doctors may do their duty honestly enough, but it is in the power of the recruiting officers who attend them to throw dust in their eyes. Thus our author, though all that was otherwise desirable physically, chanced to have a slight feebleness in the vision. The ordeal that tests eyesight is somewhat severe, and had the recruit been left to himself, he would have failed ignominiously. But as an assistant, who had been prudently squared beforehand, prompted him behind the doctor's back, he came through with flying colours. Nor, even when an applicant has been absolutely rejected, has the last word been said. For there appears to be no effectual check on an unsuccessful candidate's buying a certificate so long as he has money enough besides to bribe the recruiting officer. The impostor presents himself at the depot provided with an unimpeachable voucher; while the fortunate vendor can re-enlist elsewhere, if he does not return to civilian life with his booty. It is a matter between the recruit and his conscience whether he chooses to enlist under his actual name. He may give a false one with impunity, if he prefers it, though laying himself open thereby to an illusory penalty of three months' imprisonment with hard labour as a rogue and vagabond. When the recruit is introduced to his regimental duties, the question that interests him next to the quality and quantity of his meals is that of the kit and consequent stoppages. The writer of the book we are reviewing had enlisted into the Royal Artillery. His nominal clear receipts were eightpence per day, and the kit gave him excellent value for his money. Any civilian might think himself lucky, indeed, who could lay out four pounds sterling to similar advantage. He was well clothed in alternative suits of uniform, and amply provided with under-garments, boots, and toilet necessities. So far, so well. But then the clothes were served out on the principle of the postmen's coats so picturesquely described by Dickens, which gave tall men short tunics, and *vice versa*; the officers inspected the ranks with the eyes of fashionable tailors, and the dress had to be accurately adapted at the expense of a murmuring victim. Sixpence was stopped out of the daily eightpence till the account for indispensable alterations was liquidated. Nor did the grievance end there by any means. Soldiers told off on fatigue-duty have to do a great deal of dirty work, and no fatigue suits are furnished by the authorities, as is the sensible practice in the German army. A man's clothes speedily get soiled or shabby, and then he receives a peremptory order to replace them, which involves him in stoppages for a long period. He growls with very good cause; he believes with some reason that he has been swindled; and in any case has a strong inducement to desert. So the most economical plan in the end is to buy a fatigue-suit in advance; but naturally very few men are in a position to do so. And *à propos* of desertions, the author suggests, as the surest way of preventing them, that three grand recruiting depôts should be established, in England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, in place of an infinity of minor ones. Then the recruit, serving for three months at least under the eyes of men who have the habit of identification, would find it exceedingly difficult to do his country out of the bounty-money. And many bad characters would be excluded from the ranks who at present prove doubly unprofitable to Her Majesty. In the first place, they shirk their duties as much as possible; in the second place, they keep better men at a distance by bringing the service into general disrepute. The writer, as we have intimated already, has the knack of drawing portraits very cleverly. One of his sketches is that of Bob Wyld, who chanced to be enlisted simultaneously with himself. Bob was one of those odd characters who may turn either to good or bad, according to the influences to which they are exposed. He could keep his own secrets, even from his best friends; and, although he constituted himself the "pal" and devoted admirer of the author, he shrewdly left it to be suspected that he had often enlisted before. That he was an old soldier, in every sense of the word, was very obvious. When he seemed to

* *Six Months in the Ranks; or, the Gentleman Private.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

slip into the clutches of the recruiting-sergeant, his features wore a hound-dog look which effectually masked their native intelligence. When turned loose in the barrack-room with the other new arrivals, he showed himself at once master of the situation, and thoroughly at home in the peculiar ways of the place. His talent for getting into scrapes almost surpassed his happy faculty for extricating himself from them, which is saying a great deal. And the final exploit which we have recorded was the appropriate *dénouement* of a chequered time of service. An Indian draft had been drawn at Sheerness, and Bob, like the greater number of his comrades, was extremely loth to emigrate. We may mention, by the way, that the author is eloquent on the advantages of Indian service to steady men, who are looking forward to a comfortable life and have set their hearts on advancement. Bob Wyld, however, thought differently, and devised a most ingenious plan of escape. A certain number of gunners were told off to man a boat which plied daily between the mainland and the forts on the lonely Isle of Grain. Bob schemed a conspiracy with six of his comrades; stole the overcoats of the boat-crew on service, and nearly succeeded in slipping past the piquets. Unhappily for him, his friend, the author, was on duty, and not only showed his habitual acuteness in detecting the fraud, but had disposed his men with masterly strategy, so as to intercept possible deserters. Bob, who made a plucky rush for it, plunged into his friend's arms, and nearly murdered him in his desperate efforts to break away. To be sure, he apologized handsomely the next morning for features that he had hammered nearly out of recognition; but he insinuated that a man under immediate orders for Eastern service could not stick at trifles.

Perhaps the most suggestive chapter in the book is that which treats of the Christmas revels. Up to the morning of the great day nothing can be more satisfactory. The imprudent have been practising frugality and self-restraint that they may lay by money to promote festivity. The idle have been devoting themselves assiduously to decorating the barrack-room, and unsuspected tastes for the æsthetic have been developed. The board is sumptuously spread at noon; the officers have generously contributed liquor, and, up to a certain point, all is peace and harmony. The men sit down, carefully dressed, although the conversation perhaps is scarcely all that might be desired. It is freely embellished with strange oaths, and elaborately adorned with unedifying anecdotes. Indeed the author tells how "Bill Short" and other veterans of his stamp unlocked ancient stores of sanguinary memories, and boasted of savage deeds done in the heat of war, and treacherous acts of vengeance committed on unpopular officers. But the worst was to come in the afternoon and evening, so far as the credit of the service and the prospects of the soldiers were concerned. There were disgraceful scenes of intoxication to be witnessed everywhere in the barrack square. The soldiers on leave in the town had broken loose from all restraint; and men, under the seductions almost encouraged by their superiors, forgot themselves, with fatal results, and sacrificed in a single hour the fruits of years of steady conduct. We are told of "a sergeant of eighteen years' service, having three good-conduct stripes and being a married man with seven children, who had been picked up speechless-drunk in the streets by the town police, and had been carried to barracks on a stretcher—for which he was certain to lose his good-conduct stripes, with rights of pay and pension thereto appertaining." Also of a corporal of the same length of service who, having struck a sergeant-major, was similarly reduced. Besides that, there was a case of manslaughter in barracks, a man having been killed in a drunken brawl; while a drunken sergeant was broken for looking on without interfering. If these facts are true—and from what we know we are not inclined to doubt them—surely the supervision of the officers should go somewhat beyond dropping in on the men at the beginning of their dinners, and certain limits should be set to the conviviality which betrays respectable soldiers into irretrievable scrapes. On the other hand, it is the moral of the whole book that a well-conducted man, with reasonable self-control, may have a comfortable life, with an assured future for his old age, if he decides to betake himself to the army as his calling. And we believe that the heads of the recruiting department might do worse than have it judiciously condensed for general circulation.

WITH COSTS.*

IT were an easy enough matter to lay one's finger on a dozen faults in this novel. The plot is in a high degree improbable, the story is a good deal too long, one or two of the characters are distasteful, and others are by no means natural. Nevertheless, the author has managed to interest us, though we must plead guilty to having in places made some big skips. Still, in spite of a dreary waste here and there, we really wanted to see how the end was to be brought about. What the end would be we of course knew before we had read many chapters. Moreover, even if our sagacity had failed us, which it did not on this occasion, as we had all three volumes by us, we were not likely to allow ourselves to be worried by a mystery. As soon as we have once started the real hero and heroine, we never fail to look at the last chapter of a book to see whether their fate leads

them to the churchyard or to the church. There are those who reserve the unfolding of the mystery as a tit-bit for the end, just as a child may be seen to keep his sugar on his plate till he has finished the piece of pudding which it was meant to sweeten. But to a calm mind mysteries are always a worry, and all the satisfaction that is needed can be had, if only the novelist has any knowledge of his art, by watching the way in which the difficulties are cleared up, the villains punished, the virtuous rewarded, the sinners made penitent, and the desired end brought about. Mrs. Newman won our good will, moreover, not only by arousing our interest, but by her very temperate use of fine and foolish writing. She is a woman and a novelist, and yet she managed to go a long way without writing anything about scenery or the weather that was really ridiculous. The restraint that she put upon herself was, we have no doubt, severe, but all the more credit is therefore due to her. It is not till she reaches p. 165 of the first volume that she describes a lady as "gazing at the summer glories outside, looking their best from the well-shaded room." Many readers, we fear, will see nothing absurd in such a line as this. Yet "glories looking their best" would have seemed not many years ago absurd enough. For nearly a hundred pages more our author is content to leave nature alone, or nearly so, when at last, fatigued with an excess of reasonableness, she introduces a shaft of sunlight that finds its way through thick foliage, and kisses green turf. Towards the close of the same volume she rises to a still higher flight when she describes how "the pale golden glory of sunset was just merging into silver moonlight, the rich ripeness of summer everywhere around, the tired day sinking into the arms of night, amidst the hush and silence of all Nature." It has a very pretty sound, but very little sense. Summer, for all we know, may have rich ripeness, or ripe richness, everywhere around, but the change or merging of the pale golden glory of sunset into silver moonlight was, we undertake to say, never yet seen.

Fortunately, as we have said, both nature and the reader are but little worried by such fine writing as the passages we have just quoted. Whatever of interest, therefore, there is in the story can be enjoyed without the interruption of impertinent descriptions. The novel opens in the office of Mr. Blair, a money-lending lawyer. From his frowns, his cynical smile, his sharp, clear, decisive tone, and his sternness in the way of his business, the reader forms at first but a very bad opinion of him. Yet we soon begin to see that, if he is a bad man, at all events he is not so utterly bad but that he may die penitent towards the close of the third volume. He has a strong affection for his only son, and when he receives a letter from him, "a wintry geniality" is seen in his face. The young man soon dies, and the father so far forgets his trade of a money-lender as to be almost heart-broken. Moreover, quite early in the story, even before the death of his son, he feels a strange sensation in his left side. A long course of novel-reading led us at once to infer that he would repent before he died, and would die before the end of the third volume. Villains very rarely receive any warning of their ends. Just at the very time when they are carrying everything before them, and driving the hero and heroine to desperation, they tumble down dead in a fit, or break their necks when out hunting. Heart-disease is the privilege of sinners who are not so far hardened but that they may die repentant. It is in Mr. Blair's office that the hero makes the acquaintance of the charming heroine, Miss Nora Gray—a young lady with a straight, decided little nose, gold-brown hair, and blue-grey eyes that had a slight downward slant towards the outer side. She is a great mystery, not only to the reader, but also to herself. She knows nothing about her parents, nor does she even know who supports her. Mr. Blair she had been brought up to look upon as nothing more than her guardian. She had passed her childhood in various schools till the age of sixteen, when she was boarded in the house of Mrs. Lydesley, a widow lady who "some thirty years previously had elected to share the fortunes of a lieutenant in the navy as poor as herself." What a favourite word, by the way, this "elected" has of late years become! Like a spoiled child, it is brought into all kinds of company, for which it is often very unfit. We are every day expecting to hear the tavern waiters asking us whether we elect beef or mutton, a bottle of wine, or a pint of porter. But to return to our heroine. The widow, like all the widows of naval officers, had an only son, who, like all the only sons of naval officers' widows, at once fell in love with the heroine. Basil Lydesley had been at Oxford, and there his name "had been bracketed with the best men of his year." Lady novelists will take their heroes to Oxford, and will, however short a time they keep them there, show their own ignorance of the University. Mrs. Newman would have done well not to have "elected" to use the term "bracketed." Some years had passed since Basil took his degree, but hitherto he had done little beyond going on with his studies. It was scarcely fair or reasonable for him, therefore, to take for granted that the heroine, who was but sixteen, "should be acquainted with the attitude of the best thinkers of the day." We do not feel at all sure, though our years unhappily number many more than those of this young lady, that with this particular kind of attitude we are ourselves acquainted. To our ears, the attitude of the best thinkers sounds almost as absurd as glories looking their best. Basil does his best to remedy Nora's ignorance, and for two years directs her course of reading. The widow wakes up one day to find that the young people have "elected" to fall in love with

* *With Costs.* A Novel. By Mrs. Newman, Author of "Too Late," "Jean," "The Last of the Haddons," &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1881.

each other, though as yet no proposal had been made. She dreaded a poor wife for her son, and was bent on his marrying one of the rich people who certainly do abound in this story. She contrives to make Nora think that she would do Basil a great wrong by marrying him, and at the same time to make Basil believe that Nora was ambitious of social distinctions and eager for wealth. The day after she had cleverly contrived this the news came that Nora Gray was no longer Nora Gray or a poor orphan, but Evelyn Heathcote, an heiress of nine or ten thousand a year. The poor mother did her best to set matters straight. Nora was eager enough to give herself and all her wealth to Basil; but he was proud and would not be suspected of marrying for money. Matters get into a very unhappy state indeed. A baronet turns up, Sir Edward Wraystone by name, who, being a baronet of a novel, only helps to increase the general confusion. He, too, was said to have just come into a fortune of almost the same amount as the heroine's, and was at once eagerly accepted by his scheming aunt, Mrs. Verrall, as the lover of her only daughter. Unhappily, it soon turns out that there is only one fortune, and not two, and that, if the heroine is to have it all, there will be nothing for the baronet. Her right seems established beyond doubt, and the baronet is as badly off as a young man could be whose father was discovered to have not only spent all his own property, but also to have been guilty of forgery. Thereupon Mrs. Verrall at once breaks off the match, and gets her daughter engaged to Mr. Fanshawe, an elderly gentleman who was known to be, if not very rich, at least tolerably wealthy. The baronet consoles himself by beginning to fall in love with the heroine. At the same time Mr. Fanshawe's niece Geraldine, a pretty young lady, with the moderate fortune of 20,000*l.*, falls in love with Basil, while Mr. Gaston, the rector, falls in love with her. By the end of the first volume we have a very agreeable complication. Nora and Basil are in love with each other, but Basil thinks that Nora is in love with the baronet, while Nora believes that Basil will not marry her. The baronet is not quite out of love with Alicia Verrall, but very nearly in love with Nora. The rector is in love with Geraldine, and Geraldine is in love with Basil. Alicia is still in love with the baronet, but is on the point of persuading herself that she is in love with old Mr. Fanshawe.

To add to his thorough enjoyment, the reader has discovered that Mr. Blair is not Mr. Blair, but a Mr. Norman, and he suspects that he is much more to Nora than a mere guardian. Before long he learns that the heroine is neither Nora Gray nor Evelyn Heathcote. Who she is shall be the author's secret, so far as rests with us. The changes in fortune are indeed rapid; for the heroine, as we have shown, is first thought to be almost penniless, and then to be the heiress to nine or ten thousand a year. Then suddenly she becomes penniless again. Then she gets engaged to a very rich man, much against her will. The marriage is broken off; but in the end she inherits a great fortune. The baronet, moreover, passes through changes that are almost as great. So also does Alicia Verrall, who first gets engaged to a man who is supposed to have nine thousand a year; and next, to an old gentleman who is known to be well off, but who, when she has rejected him in the hope of recovering her former lover, is found to have a fortune more than twice as large as his rivals. All these sudden changes are managed with sufficient skill to keep the reader in an excitement that is only pleasing. When at last the end is reached, the curtain falls on a most edifying group. The wicked are hopelessly baffled; the sinners are penitent, if dying; and the virtuous are rewarded, not only by the happiness of married love, but by a very large share of this world's goods.

MINOR NOTICES.

IT is to be wished that many authors and many publishers would follow the example set in *A Gentleman of Leisure* (1), which is a clever and interesting novel, contained in one small, well-printed volume of some two hundred and fifty pages. The "gentleman of leisure" is one Wainwright, who, an American by birth, has been brought up in England, and returns to his native country in complete ignorance of what kind of life he will find there. "His sympathies, as the phrase goes, were entirely with the mother-country. Affairs relating to a large inheritance from a deceased kinsman had brought him across the ocean. He meant that his sojourn there should not exceed three months at the most. . . . It cost him an effort to go at all. He had not realized, until the hour came for starting, how his dislike of things Transatlantic had gradually struck deeper roots as years went on." The book shows us, with remarkable skill, how Wainwright's patriotism is gradually awakened in opposition to the Anglo-mania which he finds rampant in certain sets of New York society. It has a well-planned and interesting plot; and the drawing of the characters exhibits, almost without exception, a keen eye and a light touch; but perhaps its greatest interest for English readers will lie in the somewhat incisive descriptions of New York life. Wainwright's amazement and amusement at finding an exaggerated reproduction of British aristocratic prejudice and caste feeling where he had expected to find something quite different is capitally hit off and illustrated, and the character of the Englishman who pilots him and instructs him in the mysteries of society in his native land is clever and original.

We have said that Mr. Fawcett is sometimes incisive, and a quotation may serve to illustrate this quality of his work. Binghamton, the Englishman, has taken Wainwright to dine at the Metropolitan Club, where he is a little astonished at the conversation and ways of what Binghamton calls the *jeunesse argente*, who "have nothing to do except bet and ride and drive their four-in-hands." Wainwright observes that they might find something better to do, and asks if they could not go into politics. "Oh! yes, they could," answers Binghamton, "but they don't. If you knew more about American politics, perhaps you'd understand why they don't." The two go into the club library. Wainwright finds that the books have an air of disuse, and the Englishman tells him that "the upper classes here don't read; that's the simple truth. They haven't time; they live in too great a hurry and bustle. One must have leisure to read; the American knows nothing of leisure." Presently Wainwright, replacing a book, sees

directly above him on the polished top of the low bookcase a tome of really cumbrous bulk. He drew it towards him with both hands, intending to read its title. But the cover, loosely detached, came off in his grasp, and several of the leaves fell out in dire disarray.

"Good gracious! exclaimed Wainwright, "what mischief have I been committing?"

"Oh, don't bother about it," said Mr. Binghamton. "That's the British peevishness. I happen to know that the club has ordered a new one."

A curious look had crossed Wainwright's face. He had set his eyes quite fixedly on Mr. Binghamton.

"I thought you told me that they didn't read," he said.

"Oh, bless my soul! they read the Peerage. Why, we wear out a new one every year or so at the Metropolitan."

"Is it possible?" said Wainwright, dryly.

It would have been difficult to find a better editor for this well got up little volume of Poe's poems (2) than Mr. Andrew Lang, whose preface is marked with a keen sense of the poet's merits and faults. Perhaps he is sometimes too lenient to the faults, as when he attempts to condone the absolutely nonsensical use of the word *immemorial* in the very curious poem "Ulalume," which is best known to many readers by Mr. Bret Harte's parody. But the merits of other poems are no doubt striking in their own way, and Mr. Lang's essay is full of a judicious admiration for them, though he is perhaps as hard upon the "Raven" as he is lenient to "Ulalume." In any case, his preface or essay is full of interest, and the book is one which should commend itself to book-lovers.

One of the most magnificent books published this season is *Rural England* (3). The volume has the sub-title of "Loiterings along the Lanes, the Common-sides, and the Meadow-paths, with Peeps into the Halls, Farms, and Cottages"; and we may at once say that the expectations aroused by this title are most agreeably fulfilled. When we add that among the contributors of illustrations are Messrs. Millais, Small, O. Green, Pettie, F. Barnard, J. McWhirter, J. W. North, J. D. Watson, J. Wolf, A. Hughes, G. J. Pinwell, and Mrs. Allingham, the searcher after books which shall combine beauty with interest will know tolerably well whither to direct his attention. The author, already favourably known by *The French Village*, *The Black Forest*, and other works, has evidently found a thoroughly congenial subject, or rather subjects, and has written on them in a singularly bright and pleasant style. It would be difficult to praise too highly the printing and getting up of the book and the execution of the many fine designs. The whole impression of the *édition de luxe* which is now before us is limited, so far as England is concerned, to 300 copies.

"To inquire into the cause of the present condition of architecture, to define the nature of art in general, and of architecture in particular, in order to show how architecture may again become a living and creative art," (4) is an ambitious project, and, when the limits of its fulfilment are confined to a single volume, one of no inconsiderable difficulty. Mr. Leopold Eidlitz, a German architect, has buckled to for the task with the characteristic industry of his countrymen, and produced a volume which contains much sound criticism, but no very original lines of thought. The style of the book is, we fear, hardly lively enough to attract the superficial student to this well-meant disquisition on a subject requiring solid thought on the part of its readers.

The magnificence of the Crypt of Canterbury, of which the western part was built between 1096 and 1100, and the eastern and more lofty portion in 1179-81, and which is in its dimensions almost itself a cathedral (5), must be familiar to every sucking ecclesiologist. But besides its general architectural interest, this undercroft preserves landmarks of the history of painting in the twelfth century, in the frescoes of the Apse of St. Gabriel's Chapel, which had been mysteriously walled up during the middle ages, with the happy, though unintended, result of preserving these most interesting paintings. Yet Mr. Scott Robertson tells us that "the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral has not received from writers on that glorious building such careful study and detailed description as it deserves." His conjecture is that St. Gabriel's Chapel was closed up by the monks for the safe custody of Becket's body shortly after his murder. Happily the Kentish Archaeological

(2) *Edgar Allan Poe's Poems*. With an Essay on his Poetry by Andrew Lang. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

(3) *Rural England*. By L. G. Seguin. London: Strahan & Co.

(4) *The Nature and Function of Art, and especially of Architecture*. By Leopold Eidlitz, Architect. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(5) *The Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral; its Architecture, its History, and its Frescoes*. By W. A. Scott Robertson, M.A. London: Mitchell & Hughes.

(1) *A Gentleman of Leisure*. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Society has lately employed a competent artist, Mr. James Neale, to make a facsimile copy of these frescoes. Spiritless and ridiculously incorrect as is the representation of them as they were in 1726 given in Dart's *Canterbury*, and reproduced in this volume—a mere caricature, which transmutes the stern, stiff, and rude, but reverent work, of the Norman limner into figures which might have come from the pencil of an Italian artist of the seventeenth century—it at least proves the mournful fact of the extent to which in the intervening time the composition has perished.

Cavalry Life (6) is one of the best books of its kind that we have seen, and it is to be regretted that it was not issued long ago as a manual for the use of novelists of the "Ouida" school. All the characters bear the unmistakable air of truth; indeed the author tells us in his preface that they are all drawn, with the necessary alterations, from life, and all the stories are lively. The story called "A Regimental Lodge" strikes us as particularly good. Its unhappy hero has been trained by his father to expect any amount of "drawing." Full of this notion, when the Major offers, carefully avoiding "inviting" him, to make him a member of the Regiment's Masonic Lodge, he takes the whole matter for a practical joke, and prepares to endure it with good humour. He goes through the initiation, still holding the belief that it is a joke, with a natural disgust at its seeming folly and profanity, and, coming back to the mess-table, proceeds innocently to tell the other men the details of the foolish trick that he thinks has been played off upon him. While he is speaking the Major enters, and at once the unlucky hero learns from the Major's face and words the full horror of his mistake, the recognition of which leads him in a few minutes to try to destroy himself. No more telling denunciation could well be made of the follies of the Masonic ritual than is here given. It is, however, much to be hoped, in connexion with the idea which leads to the mistake, that "drawing" and "making hay" are now less prominent features of cavalry life than they were in the author's early service days. Speaking from the experience which he here records, he might well begin his book by saying that "very few people have any conception of how severe a school the army is—especially the mounted branch of the service." The book is, as we have hinted, full of "go," and the style is easy and lively.

The interest in St. Paul's which has been excited by that revival of life and energy which so honourably characterizes its staff finds expression in various publications which have appeared with that Cathedral as their subject. Dr. Sparrow Simpson has thrown together in a picturesque and attractive shape (7) sketches, intentionally disconnected, of Old St. Paul's in the various aspects in which it presented itself to Londoners during successive centuries. We find the early history of religion in London, the staff of the Cathedral in 1450, its ritual and religious services, its exterior and interior. Then we have Wyclif in St. Paul's and the Lollards' Tower. The Reformation is reached, and the Great Fire of 1561, fatal to the spire, is described. Several chapters tell the story of Paul's Cross—of which the foundations have lately been so strangely found and uncovered—both before and after the Reformation. "Paul's Walk" is brought before us, with its flaunting irreverence; and the book winds up with the deplorable history of St. Paul's during the interregnum.

The leading characteristic of Mr. Tyrwhitt's treatise (8) is the complete way in which he has accepted the unity of art in its various phases stretching across the ostensible differences of so-called styles. It is the misfortune of an age like our own, which is so emphatically eclectic and retrospective rather than inventive in its art, and more particularly in its architecture, that it is compelled on one side and on the other to crystallize existing distinctions. A position like that which Mr. Tyrwhitt has taken up would, for instance, have been destructive to Pugin's crusade against Paganism in religious art. Yet the question has another side, and it is well that a writer should appear who can, as Mr. Tyrwhitt does, remind us that the pedigree of Charles the Great's church at Aachen may be traced from the Temple of Minerva Medica through Justinian's church of San Vitale at Ravenna. Mr. Tyrwhitt's ethical scope is defined in the sentences with which his introduction concludes:—"In as far as [our age] follows the Renaissance, it adopts the taste and morals, not of Heathens who did believe in Zeus, but of Pagans who did not. In as far as its taste is pedantic or barbarous it may be endured; but when it describes itself as Hellenic, we cannot but remark that it has but very little title to that name. The chief object of the early part of this book is to dismiss the appeal made by the modern Atheistic Renaissance to Greek Art and Life, as if they countenanced and encouraged its own nihilism."

Canonbury Tower (9), the fragment of the Prior of St. Bartholomew's suburban villa—built in the later middle ages, and granted at the Dissolution to Thomas Cromwell—is still standing, although in a condition of lamentable squalor and disrepair, having, after sundry vicissitudes, passed, through the Spencers, into Lord Northampton's possession. Mr. Herring has, in a laudable spirit of antiquarian reverence, published this little

monograph, in the hope of directing public interest towards one of the few surviving relics of the domestic life of mediæval London, so as to arrest its too possible destruction.

Mr. Anderson has given us, under the title of *The Book of British Topography* (10), a classified catalogue of the topographical works in the Library of the British Museum relating to Great Britain and Ireland. His official connexion with the Museum gave him special facilities for completing a work of obvious general interest and value. "The arduous nature of the task of bringing together the titles of nearly fourteen thousand books on one particular subject out of the enormous mass of volumes on the shelves of the National Library is sufficiently obvious." The large collection of Poll-books in the Library has been, we are informed, necessarily omitted from want of space, while the Civil War tracts have been only occasionally noticed.

Most of Mr. Scott's *Lays of a Londoner* (11) have already made their appearance in print in the columns of *Punch* and elsewhere; but their reappearance in a collected form is not the less welcome for that. All of them are marked by grace and by well-trained metrical skill, and the contents of the volume are judiciously varied in tone. We select for quotation "Bientôt," which is new to us:—

Let it be soon! Life was not made to long
For distant hours of dim futurity.
Thy presence soothes me like some far-off song.
Oh! where my heart has rested let it lie;
Hope is the morning: love the afternoon.

Let it be soon!
Let it be soon!
The treasured daylight dies,
And changes sadly to the chill of night,
But summer reigns for ever in thine eyes.
And at thy touch grief stealth out of sight.
After sad years of longing love must swoon.
Let it be soon!

Mr. Dobson has industriously collected in a volume (12), which is well fitted to be taken up in a stray half-hour, a variety of parodies, macaronic verses, acrostics, anagrams, lipograms, nonsense verses, and other literary toys. Among the contributors of new matter are Mr. Leland (Hans Breitmann) and Professor E. H. Palmer, from whose nonsense verses called "The Shipwreck" we may quote some stanzas:—

What ship could live in such a sea!
What vessel bear the shock?
Ho! starboard port your helm a-lee!
Ho! reef the maintop-gallant-tree
With many a running block!
And right upon the Scilly Isles
The ship had run aground;
When lo! the stalwart Captain Giles
Mounts up upon the guff and smiles,
And slews the compass round.
"Saved! saved!" with joy the sailors cry,
And scandalise the skiff;
As taut and hoisted high and dry
They see the ship unstopped lie
Upon the sea-girt cliff.

Ismay Thorn has again put one of her charming children's books before us. *Over the Wall* (13) has so much really good stuff and writing in it that we may surely look forward to more ambitious work from the author's hands. *Over the Wall* is a book that will not only please a child, but must do him good to read. Some of the passages in it are very touching, without being morbid, and contain sound moral teaching. Some are amusing; and all are natural, showing that the author not only loves children, but thoroughly understands them. We wish that T. Pym in the illustrations had studied the ages of the children more accurately, as it strikes us as absurd to see the children described in the book as being eleven and twelve drawn as if they were six and seven.

A very handsome book is Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s *édition de luxe* of *Evangeline* (14), with twenty-three original and capital drawings by Mr. Dicksee, and with initials by Messrs. Barraud and Scott. Of the illustrations fifteen have been reproduced by MM. Goupil in *photogravure*, and the rest engraved on wood by MM. Klineicht and Lacour. The whole get-up of the edition, which is limited to a thousand copies, is excellent.

Sam (15) is a pretty little story of two boys, the one rich, the other poor, who become friends after having opened their acquaintance with a fight. The various incidents in "the little while" of their lives which occupies the story are graphically and interestingly described; the only fault we have to find in it is that the ending is almost too sad for a child's book.

All lovers of dogs will be delighted with the record of the careers of the dogs that used to form part of Sir James Simpson's household (16), full as it is of characteristic traits. There is one

(10) *The Book of British Topography*. By John P. Anderson. London: Satchell & Co.

(11) *Lays of a Londoner*. By Clement Scott. London: David Bogus.

(12) *Poetical Ingeniities and Eccentricities*. Selected and edited by William T. Dobson, Author of "Literary Frivolities," &c. London: Chatto & Windus.

(13) *Over the Wall*. By Ismay Thorn. London: Shaw & Co.

(14) *Evangeline*. By H. W. Longfellow. With Twenty-three Original Illustrations by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. Edition de Luxe. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

(15) *Sam: the Story of a Little While*. By Ismay Thorn. London: Shaw & Co.

(16) *Dogs of Other Days*. By Eva Blantyre Simpson. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

(6) *Cavalry Life; or, Sketches and Stories in Barracks and out*. By J. S. Winter. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

(7) *Chapters in the History of Old St. Paul's*. By W. Sparrow Simpson, D.D., F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock.

(8) *Greek and Gothic Progress and Decay in the Three Arts of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting*. By the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt. London: W. Smith.

(9) *Views of Canonbury Tower, A.D. 1400, A.D. 1600, A.D. 1800*. By Richard Herring. London: Wertheimer, Lea, & Co.

specially curious and interesting account of a dog, Puck, that was allowed to live on into his dotage, and behaved exactly as human beings are wont to behave in the same circumstances, returning, in fact, "to second puppyhood," but still retaining "his polite and grateful manners." One of his successors, Wolf, lived in a state of constant war with the parrot, Dr. John Grey, as the bird had named itself. "Dr. John used to viciously lower himself from his cage by means of the curtains, and make straight for the sleeping dog, with the foul intention of biting his tail. Poor Wolf would waken with a howl, slink off to another secluded spot, and fall into a doze again; while restless Polly, with his slow, awkward walk, would pursue the swift hound, and renew his attack again and again, till, having learned by bitter experience that Dr. Grey's approach, if slow, was sure, he was forced to beat a retreat from the room."

Mr. Lowder's Life (17) is the memorial, written with touching simplicity, of no ordinary man. For nearly five-and-twenty years Mr. Lowder was the clergyman of a very poor parish in the teeming East of London. As he was a ritualist, he ought, we suppose, to have ended his days in a prison. As it fell out, he died on a holiday in the Tyrol; and when his body was brought back, the burial gave occasion to a spontaneous and absolutely unprecedented burst of popular enthusiasm, for his twenty-four years of self-sacrifice here told even upon the population of St. George's-in-the-East, in spite of the savage antagonism against his form of religion with which he had at first to contend. As a pronounced Broad Churchman in his part of London said, who volunteered to preach a funeral sermon over him, "he was simply fearless," as specially when the cholera came. "Much of his work was wearisome commonplace and heavily uphill. Yet it was eminently missionary work which he did. It needed, and had spent on it, the genuine fire of a holy life, and it has made a mark upon St. Peter's, which those who can remember what it once was know full well." The policy which dictated the Public Worship Act, were it to be ruthlessly persisted in, would certainly deliver the Church of England from the ministrations of such as Mr. Lowder. Whether the Church of England would be happier for the deliverance is another matter.

In *Road Scrapings* (18) Captain Haworth gives us both a lively and unaffected account of various road incidents and anecdotes, most of which were worth preserving, and some capital hints to aspiring coachmen. His account of the Hungarian team which he was once called upon to take charge of is particularly interesting and instructive.

The edition before us of Mr. Whittier's *King's Mission* (19), and other poems, is in many ways excellently got up; but we have to make to it the old, old objection that the pages refuse to lie open. It would seem that this is for the majority of English binders "a grace beyond the reach of art."

(17) *Charles Lowder: a Biography.* By the Author of "The Life of St. Teresa." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

(18) *Road Scrapings—Coaches and Coaching.* By Captain M. E. Haworth, Author of "The Silver Greyhound." London: Tinsley Brothers.

(19) *The King's Mission; and Later Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. London: Sampson Low & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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1. The existing school buildings comprise a residence for the Master, and accommodation for about 30 Boarders and 300 Day Scholars, and the scheme contemplates the improvement and extension of such buildings. The School at present consists of 24 Day Scholars and no Boarders. In past years it has had about 300 scholars, some 50 being boarders.

2. The Head-Master will occupy the School-house rent-free, and receive a stipend of £150 a year, with a capitation fee, at present fixed at 5s per head for the first hundred scholars, £1 per head for the second hundred, and 4s per head beyond that number. He will also be at liberty to take Boarders to the extent of the accommodation provided. The scale of capitation fees and the regulations as to Boarders are, however, subject to certain restrictions, and to revision from time to time by the Governors.

3. The Head-Master must be a Graduate of some University in the United Kingdom. The curriculum of the scheme is that usual in schools of the second Grade, Greek and the second modern language being optional subjects. Religious instruction in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England is (under certain restrictions) to be given in the School.

4. Applications will not be received after January 30, 1882. They should be on foolscap paper, in the candidate's own writing, and accompanied by copies of testimonials, which (unless printed) should be on the same sized paper. They should state the candidate's age, whether he is married or single, and when he would be free to undertake the duties of the Mastership. Each application should be enclosed with any accompanying papers, in one foolscap envelope, and be sent by post, addressed to "The Honorary Secretary to the Governors of the Grammar School, Cheltenham," and enclosed "Head-Mastership."

5. Prints of the scheme (of the details of which every candidate will be deemed to have notice) may be obtained from the Queen's Printers, or, after December 30, 1881, upon written application to the HONORARY SECRETARY, accompanied by a stamped and directed foolscap envelope. No other communication should be addressed to the Honorary Secretary by any candidate.

6. The selected candidate will be required to make the declaration set forth in the scheme, and to enter into a written agreement with the Governors.

Cheltenham, December 14, 1881.

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